ADDRESSES AND FRAGMENTS IN PROSE & VERSE

BY

JAMES SAGER NORTON

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ADDRESSES

AND

FRAGMENTS IN PROSE AND VERSE

Of James Sager Norton's "Addresses and Fragments in Prose and Verse," One Thousand and Eighty Copies are printed this day, December 18, 1896, by John Wilson and Son, at the University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts; of which edition One Thousand Copies only will be offered for sale.

J. A. Norton

ADDRESSES

AND

FRAGMENTS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE

BY

JAMES SAGER NORTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY EDWARD G. MASON

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1896

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A.D. 1896

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INTRODUCTION.

ALL who knew JAMES SAGER NORTON will take a sad pleasure in recalling the characteristics which made him memorable in the community in which he lived and died. Even those to whom he was a stranger who may peruse this volume will realize to some degree what a rare, bright spirit has passed away in him, and how irreparable his loss is at his home and among his friends.

He was born at Lockport, Illinois, December sixth, 1844. Here he lived and attended school until his seventeenth year, when he entered the Freshman Class of Kenyon College. He remained at this institution for two years, and then joined the Junior Class of Yale College, graduating in 1865. Though coming late into this class, he won many friends, and, soon giving evidence of the literary and poetic merit which distinguished him in after

life, was chosen to write the Ivy Ode sung by his classmates at their Presentation Day exercises. After graduation he spent nine months in Europe, and, returning, became a member of the Columbia Law School, from which he took his degree of Bachelor of Law in 1867.

In the fall of that year he removed to Chicago, and in due season was admitted to the Illinois Bar, and began the practice of his profession. The year before his coming to Chicago, the sons of his Alma Mater residing there had formed the Chicago Yale Association, one of the earliest unions of the kind in the West, and indeed in the whole country. In this organization he soon became prominent, and repeated elections to its presidency showed the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-collegians. For wellnigh thirty years he attended and took part in its meetings, and spoke in prose or rhyme at all but one of its annual dinners. The wit, the pathos, the facile verse, with which he made to live again the merry college days under the elms of Yale, or in "the old red buildin's where we went to school," were so delightful that one had only to know that Norton was to speak on one of these occasions to be sure of its suc-

cess. Frequently he represented his dearly loved college at the gatherings of the alumni of other institutions, and always to the honor of Yale and the full satisfaction of his brother Yalensians. A notable instance was that of the dinner of the Harvard Association, at which James Russell Lowell was a guest. Norton, as spokesman for Yale, rising with impassive face and gazing soberly into the eyes of his audience, thanked them in measured tones for the unexpected opportunity afforded him of beholding so many Harvard men *pure* and *simple.* Then, alluding to his having received two invitations to the dinner, he remarked that "the secretary had casually mistaken him for a couple of Harvard men." The humorous implication that one Yale man was equal to two of Harvard brought down the house;

> "And e'en the ranks of Tuscany
> Could scarce forbear to cheer"

at his allusion to a recent athletic contest in which Yale had been the victor, as an occasion when "Yale had played football in the presence of Harvard." It is a real loss that this brilliant speech has not been preserved in full. Suffice it to say that Mr. Lowell pronounced it one of the hap-

piest he had ever listened to, and its author, "a prince of after-dinner talkers."

He was one of the early members of the Chicago Literary Club, founded in 1874, and became its president in 1885, delivering a masterly address at his inauguration. At many of its monthly meetings, receptions, and annual meetings, he presented papers or made speeches, some of which have been preserved to be now published. To its members were first read his articles afterward published in the magazines, and in many ways he showed his interest in it. He is one of those to whom that club is under deep obligation for the maintenance of its high literary standard, and for its continued success.

The reputation which he gained in these associations as an admirable speaker spread to the community at large, without effort on his part, and rather against his will. But he could not prevent the growing demand for his appearance upon public occasions, to which he was often compelled to yield in Chicago and elsewhere. The New York Yale Association invited him to speak at its annual reunion on January twentieth, 1893. Yet so modestly did he rate his own ability that his friends were hardly able to persuade

him to accept the invitation. How well he acquitted himself may be learned from the press of the time, which repeated his praises for days, and printed and reprinted his address. But only those who had the good fortune to be present can wholly realize the scene when three hundred men, on their feet, and some even standing on the chairs and tables, were waving napkins and programmes and cheering the pale, calm speaker, master of himself and of the occasion, as he uttered, in the intervals of tumultuous applause, the brilliant sentences which evoked such enthusiasm.

This address and the almost equally celebrated one made in 1893, in Madison Square Garden, New York, at the famous dinner given by the artists and architects of the World's Fair to their chief, Daniel H. Burnham, have fortunately been preserved, and are now published in this volume. There were many others, perhaps of no less merit, which have passed away with the winged words that he spoke. All of them as delivered illustrated the special qualities of his oratory: the calm, clear voice, the absolutely unmoved countenance with which he said the brightest and wittiest things, the happy and unexpected

turns of expression, and the delicious and original humor which pervaded the whole. The power to surprise and to please is as manifest in his essays and his verse as in his speeches, and all of his literary work is remarkable for clearness of view and quickness of thought. The charm of his conversation it is impossible to reproduce. He was a master of repartee and of epigram, and of a certain wonderful way of putting things, which, so to speak, illumined any subject he touched upon. His bright sayings will long be remembered and quoted in the circles which sorely miss him now.

It should also be said that the productions of his pen were not those of a man of leisure or one who had made literature his occupation, but were the fruit of moments spared from an engrossing profession. He was a busy attorney in active practice, and held a high position at the Bar, where he was known as a safe and sagacious counsellor and an able advocate as well. Few lawyers have accomplished more for their clients than he, and more than one valuable estate today is a monument to his wise foresight and prudent management. On October fourteenth, 1873, he was married to Miss Frances Rumsey, the

daughter of George F. Rumsey, of Chicago. His widow and two daughters survive. His only son died in infancy.

In the prime of his life, in the maturity of his powers, Mr. Norton's health began to fail. A year of travel abroad was of benefit to him, but after his return it was found that he was suffering from a fatal disease. A lingering illness ensued, which he bore with heroic patience and endurance. Never man faced the great conqueror more bravely than he. His soul rose triumphant over pain, and the old spirit flashed out even in paroxysms of almost mortal agony. His many friends will ever remember those last days at his beautiful summer home in Wisconsin, on the shore of Lake Geneva, where, though his form was wasting away before their eyes, the man himself was unchanged, and smiled and talked as of yore. On the seventeenth of September, 1896, he fell peacefully asleep.

E. G. M.

CHICAGO, November 30, 1896.

VERSE.

PARTING ODE.

AIR. — *Auld Lang Syne.*

FULL many a song the years have taught,
Yet only one sad strain;
Full many a sweet experience brought,
Yet one last hour of pain;
And now with voices wont to blend
In happy glees of yore,
We tell the joys, we mourn the end,
Of days that are no more.

Those years were summer-fields of flowers,
And while we culled we sighed
To clip the wings of happy hours,
And there forever bide;
But comes the hum of toiling bands;
And floral joys we yield,
To give the strength of willing hands
In Earth's great harvest-field.

The social bonds, the blended aim,
That knit our souls in one;
The daily task, the joy that came
With duties fitly done, —
All, all we leave within the walls
Whose shadows cast no gloom,
And pass to where the conflict calls,
And singly reach the tomb.

The saddest, yet the gladdest day;
For now the hope is sweet
Of winning chaplets fair to lay
At our Kind Mother's feet:
And in our hearts the gentle spell
Of memory ne'er shall fail,
But ever stay the last farewell
To Sixty-Five and Yale.

NEW HAVEN,
June, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In Memoriam.

Sung by the Yale College Glee Club, 1865.

WEEP! weep for the noble dead.
Spent be the fount of the tears we shed;
Hushed be our gladness,
To mourning and sadness,
Though sacred our faith in the soul that hath fled.

Dead! Dead! Hath he tilled his field
Only to fall ere the harvest-yield?
God who recordeth,
He fitly rewardeth,
And Faith sees the meed of his labors revealed.

Well, well hath his part been wrought.
Nations by such unto wisdom are taught;
Single to duty,
He wore the high beauty
Of holiness, — mighty to do what he ought.

Long, long shall his name be bright,
Blessed by the millions he led to the light;
Hallowed by ages
Embalmed in the pages
Of history, long shall it symbol the right.

Mourn! Mourn! Toll the slow sad bell;
Thunder the guns — for a chieftain he fell —
Drape the broad highway
And still the rude by-way,
And droop the old flag he hath loved so well.

Mourn! Mourn! yet the slow sad bell
Must have a hope-giving tone in its knell;
Trust we our sorrow
May bloom on the morrow:
For God, though He smite, doeth all things well.

CHICAGO YALE ALUMNI SONG.

AIR. — *Auld Lang Syne.*

WHAT though my blood be bounding now,
And years have tempered thine,
And ashes be upon thy brow,
And locks of youth on mine;
We 'll find for every difference still
Nepenthe in the wine
That sparkles in the cup we fill
To pledge the days Lang Syne.

If there 's a chill upon thy heart,
Then here 's a heart aglow,
To give thee back before we part
The warmth of long ago;
And ne'er a voice around the board
But has accord with thine,
To blend in every cheering word
The tones of Auld Lang Syne.

Then let there be no seeming here
Of pleasure lightly quaffed,
But fill thy glass with kindly cheer,
And take an honest draught;
And find for care and every ill
Nepenthe in the wine
That sparkles in the cup we fill
To Yale and Auld Lang Syne.

1868.

THE OLD BRICK ROW.

READ AS AN "ANONYMOUS POEM" AT THE SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CHICAGO YALE ASSOCIATION, DECEMBER, 1868.

I AIN'T no poet, — least-ways not 's I knows on;
And mebbe 't ain't no use to make believe;
For when my notions git their party clo'es on
The set ain't snug and somehow don't deceive.
But sence I 've been a settin' here, I 've got
A sorter sense of turkey mixed with goose;
And mebbe that accounts for why I 've strut
Into a vacancy that fits me loose.

I ain't a goin' to take no text to talk on —
That 's too confinin' for a healthy rule —
I 'd just as soon pick out a board to walk on
If I was student in a dancin' school.
And then again it kinder seems to me
A poet had n't oughter have directions,
But go ahead and travel ruther free,
And not be tied to makin' close connections.

And so I 'm up to talk without a toast;
And first: good feelin' squares a meal, and hence
A vittle 'pears to satisfy ye most
When friends dip in and help themselves; and sence
We 've cum together on that plan, let 's jest
Forgive the dishes for the names they 've got,
And 'low our furrin cider 's 'bout the best
We ever tasted, whether 't is or not.

However, seems to me, 't ain't no gret matter
  Jest what the food is or jest how it 's dressed.
The pith of this meal ain't served on a platter,
  It 's what each of us brought here in his breast.
Jest like it ain't the object in a Christian
  To take Communion and then bow his head,
And shet his eyes and ask himself the question
  How old the wine is, or who baked the bread.

We 've all been down to Yale and been to school there,
  And on one pint I guess we 're all united:
They either make a wise man or a fool there;
  And as I 'm told the fools hain't been invited
To come to tea to-night, I ruther guess
  It 's safe to say the sense of this here meetin'
Is 'bout unanimous for nothin' less
  Than a right out old-fashioned fam'ly greetin'.

That 's the idee: so fill your tumblers up.
  The Lord that let ye go to Yale 'n the fuss place
'll take the pisen out of every drop
  Ye drink to her and save ye from a wuss place.
(And every parson 's 'lowed to take a hand in
  Under a sorter special silver rule,)
Fill up, and drink the toast I give ye standin' —
  THE RED BRICK BUILDIN'S WHERE WE WENT TO SCHOOL!

REUNION POEM.

READ AT THE THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CHICAGO YALE ASSOCIATION ON DECEMBER 21, 1869.

POETA when *nascitur, beaucoup non fit,*
That 's Latin, I fancy; and this is the gist
Of the classical saw of its mystery shorn, —
When *poeta*, a poet, is *nascitur*, born,
He 's not fit for *beaucoup*, very much, and if so it
May be that a poem may be like a poet
Unfit for *beaucoup*, and still be by the turn
Of the same *vice versa* obliged to be born.

When Adam, accounted the first in his class,
Falling into bad company, brought it to pass
That his term was cut short by a sudden vacation,
And gained for himself premature graduation,
On him and his heirs, for his sins of commission,
Was laid, it is said, this relentless condition:
To labor; to live by the sweat of the brow
In a field that requites to the laborer's plough
But the thistle and thorn for the laborer's bread,
And a grave in the furrow to be for his bed.
'T was a terrible curse; and it follows, perforce,
That as we were in Eden by proxy, of course
By proxy we tasted the apple, and we
(Since *qui facit per alium facit per se*)
Are enduring in person the curse that befell
Of labor unending in peril of Hell.

Now I fancy sometimes — though I wish in a word to
Disclaim any hint to the person referred to —
If Adam in Eden had tended a vine,
And gathered the vintage and carried the wine
To his desert of exile, and stolen a draught,
In the respite of toil at his wearisome craft,
To lighten the labors with heaviness laden,
And nourish his soul with the juices of Eden,
He then had not lost all the joys of the garden,
And might have transmitted to us with the burden
Entailed by his ill-advised venture in fruit,
Some happy device of avoidance to suit.
But Adam was new; into Paradise cast,
A man all at once and without any past,
And was in his innocence led by his wife
Into some indiscretions, which later in life
He doubtless regretted, and wherefore should we,
In the light of our larger experience, be
Restrained by the law of this case *nisi prius*
From choosing the free-thinker's motto, "*Nullius*
Addictus jurare in verba magistri,"
And working our will with the facts of our history.

Let the precedents moulder! Enough let it be,
That we know of an Eden, far down by the sea,
Where we gathered the fruit when no temptress was near,
And gleefully tended the vine of good cheer,
Till we passed as of old from the beautiful gardens,
To measure our strength with humanity's burdens.
We 've grappled the present; what blame if we now,
Leaving thistle and thorn and the profitless plough

In life's barren furrow, take respite at last,
Give the sweat of our brows to a breeze from the past,
And dream still again that our Eden is here,
As we mingle the drops from its vine of good cheer.

From many a quest, like the wide-scattered brood,
Who have heard the home-call in the meadow and wood,
And flock to the Mother and far from the nest
Find home 'neath her wings in the warmth of her breast,
We have gathered to-night at the call of our Mother,
To hold the communion of brother with brother.
Outside is old Time — let him wait at the door;
Let him plume his gray wings till the revel is o'er.
We have stolen his glass — let us clog the quick sand
With the wine of Lang Syne ere it come to his hand;
Outside is the world, that implacable thing
That cheats with caresses to kill with its sting,
And feeds upon life it has fattened with hope.
Close the door upon all; leave the morrow to cope
With the cares and anxieties bred of the day,
Nor long for the sun that recalls to the fray.
Here is memory's largess in bountiful measure,
And hearts that are hungry for feasting and pleasure.
Old Age, with his wrinkles half-hidden in smiles,
Hobnobbing with Youth that his fancy beguiles
Into seeming his own; lusty Manhood aflush
With the ardors of old; and hot Youth in the blush
Of life's morning. About us the redolent air
Is astir with the flitting of spirits that bear
To the banquet in exile the savors of home,
And the shadowy faces of memory come.
There is rustling of elms, and the sound of our feet

'Neath their murmuring arches in fancy we greet;
Our voices we catch in the echo of song,
And our features appear in the shadowy throng.
Does it seem? Is it fancy that sings in our ears?
Only memory that weaves in the woof of our years
Shining threads? Have we wandered so far in the quest
From the roof-tree of home? Have we laden the breast
That impatiently panted for armor and strife
So soon with the passionless purpose of life?
Let it be but a dream — 't is a dream of delight,
And its hues are as fair though they fade with the night.
Let us laugh at each one who has whitened his hair
To the semblance of age; let us merrily share
In the humor of him who would tell of his wife,
Or his children, and prate of the burdens of life;
Let us hail the conceit with a rollicking zest,
If another bethink him to heighten the jest
With a word of his flock, or the mention of clients,
The chances of trade or the labors of science.
'T is Carnival hour; let the merriment swell
To the madness of mirth; we are under the spell
Of a spirit that recks not of reason or rule,
And the laughter of lips be the song of the soul.
Let us sing the moon down with a chorus of old
And herald the sun with the crimson and gold
Of days that we knew; let us speed the bright wings
Of our hope once again — again drink of the springs
Where the sweet waters well through the moss of our years.
What is life, that we render it tribute of tears,
And may not be glad if it take of our smiles?
Or age, that we hail not the dream that beguiles

Into life the gray ashes of youth once again
And wakes the mad fancies that sleep in the brain?

But a truce to my words that are idle and broken,
For sweeter than all is the word yet unspoken,
The soul of my song — the one word that we hail
In its fulness of meaning — the dear name of Yale.
Let me turn to her now in the infinite grace
Of her welcoming hand and the glow of her face,
And lovingly pencil a song to her praise
On this rose-tinted page of our album of days.

Yale that sittest by the sea!
Shrine of Ages yet to be!
Gratefully we turn to thee,
Dear Old Yale.

Mother of a mighty race!
May the glory of thy face
Brighten through the years apace,
Grand Old Yale.

May thy courage falter never,
And the crown of high endeavor
Be upon thy brows forever,
Brave Old Yale.

May the skies be bright above thee,
And the dearest praises of thee
Be the prayers of those who love thee;
Dear Mother Yale.

PROFESSOR PRECISE.

Read at the Fourteenth Annual Banquet of the Chicago Yale Association on December 30, 1881.

PROFESSOR PRECISE had a disciplined mind
And he loved mathematics and not mankind.
For years and years on each secular day
Of the College term he had taken his way
To his lecture-room, and for just an hour
Had held the Sophomore Class with a power
That never varied. The rest of the day,
And just two-thirds of the night, they say,
In his bachelor den, with the shades pulled down,
In a straight-backed chair and rectangular gown,
He silently ciphered, and year by year
Grew steadily more precise and queer.

Miss Phœbe Severe, sedate and prim,
Clearly adult and decidedly grim,
Kept a Finishing School for unfinished Misses,
And taught them science and manners; and this is
The reason she too had a disciplined mind
And loved mathematics and not mankind.

Now it happened one morning, by good luck or bad
As the sequel may seem to be happy or sad,
That Miss Phœbe, alert every moment to hear
Any thoughtless expression not meant for her ear,

Heard a Finishing Miss very foolishly say,
(Apropos of Geometry task for the day),
That she could n't see why a triangle should never
Have more than three corners — that is, if it ever
Should want 'em ; and this incidental remark
Of the sceptical Miss, like a mischievous spark
In a basket of shavings, lay smouldering deep
In the mind of Miss Phœbe, awake and asleep,
Till it kindled a strangely disquieting doubt
That her faith in Geometry failed to put out.
Full many a year had she taught to her school
The literal truth of each orthodox rule,
And never before had she harbored a thought
Disloyal or false to the rules that she taught ;
But now with a vague unrest she pined,
For the spirit of doubt disturbed her mind,
And a voice pursued her by night and by day
That whispered in true diabolical way,
" Triangles may vary ; there may be a lot
Of two-cornered — ten-cornered, triangles ; why not ? "
And one morning she 'woke from a dream to recall
Triangles without any corners at all.
At last, like a vine feeling 'round for an oak,
She conquered her pride and set out to invoke
The aid of Professor Precise of the College ;
And knowing him not of her personal knowledge,
She ventured because it had come to pass
That the Finishing School knew the Sophomore Class.
Professor Precise was a bashful man.
He blushed, he stammered, he almost ran ;
And first, in his utter confusion, he said
He had seen a triangle as round as his head,

And then he explained by the rule of three
That the sides and the angles must always be
Equi-dentical — meaning of course equi-numerous —
And fell into other mistakes equi-humorous.
But soon, being filled with his theme, or perhaps,
Since learned professors are still human chaps,
Having slyly inspected the arid Miss Phœbe,
Who was, to be sure, not exactly a Hebe,
To the question of sex he was wholly blind,
And saw but a neuter inquiring mind.
Then with diagram, rule, and exact demonstration,
He led her right on to the grand consummation
Of all her desires, a faith without flaw
In conventional views of triangular law.

Here the worthy Professor of course should have paused
Content with the happy effect he had caused;
But his pure mathematical soul was ablaze
With the ardor of science, and on through the maze
Of Geometry, — plane, analytical, spherical, —
Calculus, — plain, obscure, and chimerical, —
Dark Trigonometry, wild Conic Sections,
And on in some other enticing directions,
He led the rapt maid at a perilous pace,
Nor paused till he reached the most dangerous place
In all mathematics; and then, ah, woe!
He stabbed her faith with a ruthless blow;
For he clearly proved by figures and lines,
Parabolas, cones, and technical signs,
That two mathematical lines may tend,
For ever and ever and world without end,
Right toward each other and yet never meet.

Alas for Miss Phœbe! she fell at his feet
In a deathly swoon; and, hearing her fall,
The Sophomore Class came in from the hall,
Passed a vote of regret, not a man voting nay,
Then folded her neatly and bore her away.

'T was a terrible shock, and although she "came to,"
Perceptibly paler and slimmer she grew;
The doubt that once tortured her soul had fled,
But another and darker had come in its stead.
She had taught her Misses that lines would meet
If they kept converging, and now this neat
And plausible doctrine had been assailed
By a master-mind, and reason had failed
To repel the attack. There was nothing sure;
Science was shaken and insecure;
And as faith in her rules began to wane,
She grew to feel that she lived in vain.

Now mark the result, and blame her who can;
As she turned from science she turned to man;
And her heart, that had almost gone to seed,
Seemed budding again, and then indeed
She longed as only a spinster can,
And so, in like manner, she laid a plan.

She saw the Professor and begged for a pass
To the lectures he gave to the Sophomore Class;
He hemmed and he hawed, but he could not escape her,
And so every day, with her pencil and paper,
She sat and took notes of the man and the lecture,
Then lingered behind with some crafty conjecture

That needed a word from the worthy Professor,
Who kindly complied, and seemed never to guess her
Deep-laid design, though the Sophomore Class,
Gently closing one eye, offered odds on the lass.

One evening Miss Phœbe, now desperate grown,
Remained after lecture and all alone
With the simple Professor, and as she partook
Of the banquet of reasons right out of the book,
And the sweet logarithmical flow of soul,
She felt she had almost reached her goal,
For he seemed to be conscious at last of her gender
And stated the rules in a tone almost tender.
She heeded; and said in a winsome way,
That she doted on science, and that, each day,
As she felt that her dotage was shared by another,
And the lines of their lives were approaching each other,
Of figures and facts she had fonder grown,
Till she really feared, as she blushed to own,
That she lived, alas, too much in defiance
Of social demands and too single to science.

Having sped her arrow thus tipped with brass,
She waited in hope, and the Sophomore Class,
Looking in at the window, held its breath,
And all for a moment was still as death —
So still, in fact, that Miss Phœbe could hear
The Professor's old watch ticking loud and clear
In his waistcoat. She thought 't was his heart beating high
With reciprocal passion and ecstasy,
And graciously waiving a formal request,

Considered it settled, and sank on his breast ;
And then, as he stammered, " Oh, my ! Miss Severe ! "
She lovingly murmured, " Yes, thine — never fear."
He reeled, he declared 't was " a matter of weight,"
But she whispered, " not long," and suggested the date ;
And the Sophomore Class, rushing in apropos,
Pronounced it a bargain and quite *comme infaut*,
So it gave him away with a blessing and cheer,
And the Finishing School had a wedding that year.

SAY YES, PETITE.

SAY yes, Petite, to love's appeal,
And take me — and the chances:
In sweet communion let us feel
The force of circumstances.

We 'll take a furnished house, my dove,
Let Stanton take our orders;
And then I 'll take my comfort, love,
And you shall take some boarders.

Then shall my usefulness appear,
And your devotion shine;
For I 'll collect your bills, my dear,
And you shall settle mine.

We 'll keep no help, with petty steals
To eat up all the profit;
But you shall gayly cook the meals
And have the credit of it.

At Grace Church you shall take a pew
And go there on a Sunday,
To better fit yourself to do
Your washing on a Monday.

You 'll find me slow to interfere —
  Save in my own behalf;
And never have to want, my dear,
  Unless I want to have.

And should you falter in the strife,
  Or fail and fall in trouble,
I 'll then consent to single life
  In preference to double;

And cheerfully my footsteps bend
  Along some other track,
Until your circumstances mend
  And gently win me back.

So come to me, my little elf,
  My sweeter sweet than honey;
And bring me but your charming self,
  And just a little — *substance.*

CHICAGO, 1872.

THE ONE-EARED MAN TO THE ONE-EYED MAID.

SINCE thou an eye for aye must lack
And I an ear for e'er must miss,
That we should marry seems to smack
Of common sense as well as bliss.

Happy the wife may hope to be
Who goes through life a little blind;
And lucky man, perchance, is he
Who, marrying, leaves an ear behind.

One eye to note my daily way
May give thee more content than two;
And though thy voice is sweet to-day,
Yet, on the whole, one ear will do.

Weird though I look, whate'er betide,
I 'll never be two-eared for thee,
And I should never wish my bride
To have or be too wise for me.

Then let us hasten to apply
This one idea, sweet one-eyed dear,
And thou shalt cease to mourn an eye
And I 'll no more lament an ear.

TO MY NEIGHBOR.

I 'VE a neighbor — *such* a neighbor —
Just as good as *she* can be;
(Which is all one can expect of
Her or any other she).

She is fairer — somewhat fairer —
Than a host of plainer folk;
And she has a certain manner
Not intended to provoke.

When she smiles her face relaxes
(Just as you 'd expect it to)
And assumes a pleased expression
(As of course it ought to do).

When she speaks her voice is vocal
(As a voice should always be)
And her eyes are not defective
(Or at least they seem to see).

Such a charmer is my neighbor;
And I always rave like this
When I venture to describe her —
As is due to any miss.

TO E. J. G.

HE was a plausible oculist man
And she was a cross-eyed maid,
And scanning her face with a critical scan,
In a positive voice he said:

"For years I 've studied the organ of sight,
And rarely admit surprise;
But really I never have met with quite
Such a beautiful pair of eyes.

"Of eyes attractive I 'm sure I 've seen
A million, — or more, if you please, —
But never were eyes of woman, I ween,
Attracted each other as these.

"I 've seen them crossed at every angle
Acute, obtuse, and right;
I 've seen them lose in a hopeless tangle
Their kinky lines of sight.

"But the genuine spiral cross has never
Before been submitted to me.
I 've heard of it, read of it, dreamed of it ever,
And now, thank Heaven, I see."

She came and went and he treated the case,
And talked of her wonderful eyes,
And when he had cured the defect in her face
She gave him her heart for his prize.

But faultless optics no charm possessed
For this singular oculist man;
His interest waned, and she passed into rest
By the usual drug-store plan.

TO EUGENE FIELD.

FORGIVE, dear youth, the forwardness
Of her who blushing sends you this,
Because she must her love confess,
Alas! Alas! A lass she is.

Long, long, so long, her timid heart
Has held its joy, in secrecy,
Being by nature's cunning art
So made, so made, so maidenly.

She knew you once, but as a pen
In humor dipt in wisdom's pool,
And gladly gave her homage then
To one, to one, too wonderful;

But having seen your face, so mild,
So pale, so full of animus,
She can but cry in accents wild,
Eugene! Eugene! You genius!

THE OLD STORY.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB IN NOVEMBER, 1876.

A BARK long tossed on a restless sea,
Bearing a soul to its destiny,
Drew near to an unknown land.
But darkness hung on the shore like a cloud,
Wrapping land and sea in a sombre shroud,
And the land sent forth no voice, no light
To the sea; but the land lay dead in the night,
And the waves lay dead on the sand.

And the soul looked forth disquieted,
And saw no beacon or land ahead,
And the soul said, Oh! never before
On the changeful sea came a starless night
But the dawn came out of it, bringing the light;
And never was harbor could win this sail
From the open main, the wave, and the gale:
But what of *this* night and *this* shore?

The sea sang oft of a port to be made,
Where the sails are furled and the waves are laid
In a slumbrous calm for aye, —
Of a radiant land that stretches away

In limitless realms of endless day,
Where for ever and ever the soul shall reign
In shining city and fruitful plain,
Under a smiling sky.

And oft when the day was chill and dark
The North Wind came to this drifting bark,
With a tale of a wreck to be
On the shore of a barren and silent land,
Where ships lie rotting upon the strand,
And the brave and beautiful souls they bore
Have perished for ever, and evermore,
As the light of a torch in the sea.

Ah! what know the waves that pause at the beach,
Or what can the circling sea-winds teach
Of the land beyond the tide, —
What shapes of death or what forms of life,
What peace unbroken or endless strife,
Gray wastes of desert or fields of bloom,
Eternal day or Oblivion's gloom,
That curtain of cloud may hide?

'Twixt promise and warning came furtive doubt
On restless wing, and hovered about
This desolate soul of man.
And all unseen, from out of the realm
Of Mystery, came and stood at the helm
The pilot that here on the lonely shore
Had waited this bark and the soul it bore,
Since ever the world began.

And so this waif on a pitiless tide —
This bark with its soul and the ghostly guide —
To the beach came silently.
And some there are by whom it is said
The soul in that wreck on the sand lies dead;
And many who dream that it evermore lives
Somewhere in that shadowy land that gives
No mariner back to the sea.

RHYMING LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

ALGIERS.

"A LETTER from Africa! Ah!" you will say,
"A voice in the wilderness crying" — but stay;
Don't pity me now, time was, it is true,
When a touch of that sentiment clearly was due
To the exile from home, — when the rollicking sea
Was having its will of him shamefully;
But now, thank God, whose omnipotent hand
Hath set bounds to the sea and made solid the land,
That season is past, and the tide of emotion,
That 's subject to change, like the tides of the ocean,
The balance of trade, or the current of fashion,
Now sets toward you — and you have my compassion.
Poor fellow! You linger at home amid friends,
Where pleasure solicits and comfort attends,
And yet cannot know as at last I know
The uttermost happiness here below.
I 've found it, and not — you may learn with surprise —
In the balm of the air and the sunlit skies,
The fragrance of flowers, the orange and palm,
The freshness of verdure, the color and calm
Of this tropical shore, but, thanks to old ocean,
In the fact that it has no perceptible motion.
Let the wind sigh low or in tempest roar,
Let it blow where it listeth. I care no more;
I smile at the billows and scoff at the blast
From the deck of a continent anchored fast.

And this is the land of the boundless wastes
Where the lion is free to indulge his tastes
In mutton or men as the case may be;
Where the gentle elephant flutters free,
Finding in liberty purer joys
Than come from peanuts and half-price boys;
Where the oldest families don't put on
Fine airs or anything else, and *ton*
Is something unknown; where each missionary,
No matter how humble his birth or how scary
His doctrine, or whether he seek it or not,
Is taken right into society — hot.
This is matter of fact, but 't is equally true
That I cannot believe it from this point of view,
Where, snugly ensconced in the best of hotels
I live at mine ease amid civilized swells, —
Where a waiter from Germany, coming to me
With a plate of the soup of the Chef de Paris,
At to-night's table d'hôte in the salle à manger,
In avoiding a Lord who obstructed the way,
Unluckily tripped and bespattered Her Grace,
Two Counts, and a Marchioness — all in full dress.
Surely here at Algiers one may safely allege
That the darkness of Africa lifts at the edge.
Here the Arab, as stately in rags as a king
In his mantle of gold, hardly deigning to fling
On the dog-of-a-Christian a glance of scorn,
Stalks by in his barefooted pride, or is borne
Aloft, on the top of a load that surpasses
One's ready belief, by the smallest of asses;
And whether he walks or is mounted in state
He carries the air of a ruler of fate,

For he knows with a knowledge as clear as the day
That the only true Allah directeth his way.
Here the Moor sadly muses on glories departed,
The occasional Nubian chatters light-hearted,
And here, over all, with his hand on his heart,
But grasping a hilt, plays the Frenchman his part.

But a short time ago — as the passage of years
Records itself here — and the men of Algiers
Were the wickedest pirates — between you and me —
That ever cut throat, and the scourge of the sea,
So history says; and I 've little ambition
To prove or disprove: I have no disposition
To ask of the native who scowls at me here
How his grandfather ranked as a bold buccaneer;
I am far too polite, and besides, as a student
Of men and of things, I know when to be prudent.
But whatever her past, the Algiers that we know
In the matter of morals is quite *comme il faut*,
Nor better nor worse than the average place
Where the tourist occurs; for there 's no saving grace
Can enable a primitive race to withstand
The temptation of strangers with money in hand
Who are searching for everything queer and old,
Not knowing its value and careless of gold.
What wonder if sometimes the man in the shop,
Where in search of "antiques" you may happen to stop,
Should prize the old dagger that catches your eye,
Should recall with a perfectly natural sigh
How it came to himself through a very long line
Of remarkable ancestors, then should decline
To consider a sale, tell the pretty romance

Of that wonderful gem in the hilt, and perchance,
Being overpersuaded, should finally sell
This very historical treasure for — well,
Say thrice what he paid for the same last week
To his neighbor who made it — and made it "antique"?

But adieu to Algiers with its hills of green
And its bay of clear azure that lies between, —
A sapphire in emerald set, — and adieu
To the Arab, the Mosque, and Mahomet the true;
This chapter of life I regretfully close
And go — for a season — forever — who knows?

NAPLES.

I HAD a dream of Paradise,
A dream of opalescent skies
And waters flashing in the rays
Of summer suns, a purple haze
Of distant hills, a bending beach,
A shining city, where the speech
Of happy children blithe and gay
With rippling music fills the day,
And evening calls to softer strains
Beneath a moon that never wanes.
I saw this vision brightly beam
And called it Naples — in my dream —

I sailed, one later hapless day,
Into a dark and waveless bay
Beneath a pall of dripping clouds,
To shores that lay in misty shrouds,
And smelt an ancient city there,
That gave unstinting to the air
A perfume neither nice nor new,
And yielded later to the view
Of unfamiliar eyes a masque
Of Ruin smiling at his task,
And Life cajoling Poverty
With colored rags and minstrelsy;
And thus I found, that cheerless day,
My Naples and her peerless bay.

It matters not that other eyes
Have seen her under other skies
And found her fair. The sun may shine
For joy of other eyes than mine;
The kindly breeze may waft away
From other nose that rich bouquet;
It may not always rain all day;
It may be given to those who stay
From year to year to see the break
Of washing-day, or haply wake
To note a paucity of fleas;
It may — Oh! anything you please
May chance in time; but how can I
With easy conscience testify
To things unseen that might have been,
Or paint a never witnessed scene;
Let Naples be whate'er she may
To other eyes another day,
My Naples signifies but rains,
Neuralgic and rheumatic pains,
Chills, colds, quinine, and mackintoshes,
Umbrellas, puddles, and goloshes.

Hard by the city — so 't is said —
Vesuvius lifts his ruddy head
And forms a spectacle sublime.
It may be so. In such a clime
A mountain at a mile or so
Is sometimes seen, and if it glow
With inexpensive heat and light,
Should be at least a welcome sight.

. . . . . .

ROME.

THERE was once a double baby, —
Twins, you understand, or may be
Duplicates would be a better name.
'T was of that age known as tender,
And were mostly boys in gender,
But they had a future all the same.

For they floated down the Tiber —
Though it puzzles the subscriber
To explain exactly how or why —
And instead of being drownded,
On a point of land they grounded,
And ashore they scrambled high and dry.

There a wolf, maternal, lonely,
Yearning in her heart as only
Wolves can yearn for something to protect,
Found the boys and had compassion
In the good old fem'nine fashion,
Like a Christian of the strictest sect.

And the youngsters, being nourished,
Quite *al fresco*, grew and flourished,
And in time they founded there a town
Which by Remus' kind consent was
Named for Romulus, whose bent was
Rather more for glory and renown.

So the tale runs, and 't is clearly
True as tale can be, or nearly,
  For I 've seen the town — no longer new —
And the river flowing through it
With the shore convenient to it;
So you see the story must be true.

More than this, — if more is needed,
Which of course is not conceded, —
  I have seen the wolf and twinlets twain,
Done in bronze or other metal,
And the grouping seems to settle
  Any captious doubts that may remain.

But 't is hardly necessary
To my scheme epistolary
  That I trace the history of Rome;
So we 'll skip a score or more of
Centuries with all their store of
  Great events, and to the present come.

"Do in Rome as do the Romans"
Is an adage old, but no man 's
  Really bound to mind it in the least;
Which is lucky, for indeed it
Would compel one, should he heed it,
  To become a cabby or a priest.

Let me say in explanation
That the native population
  Seems to run to holiness or horse;

Just about one half the total
Taking to the sacerdotal,
  And the other half to cabs, of course.

And although it 's not conceded
That so many priests are needed
  Where so little politics is done,
It is clear as any crystal,
Or the style of this epistle,
  As to cabs, there 's need of every one.

Not for priest alone or tourist,
But the fleas, — the very poorest, —
  " Ride in Chaises " over here, I find;
And although they 're but a billion,
Every single separate million
  Wants a carriage to itself — d' ye mind?

Just a carriage for the party
And a tourist *à la car-te*
  (That 's for rhyme) is fun enough for fleas,
And the victim, *Nolens volens*,
Shares his cab and e'en his woollens
  With the restless aborigines.

And the worst of this arrangement
Is the fact that no estrangement
  Comes to rid him of his vulgar guests.
Whither he goes they will go too,
And he can't *ex mero motu*
  Work a change of feeling in their breasts.

But I think I hear you railing,
And of course it is a failing,
  And I ought to note the things sublime;
But I pray you wait a minute,
For the plan has method in it:
  And will justify itself in time.

Better far to take the lowly
On our passage to the holy —
  Working up the feeling by degrees —
Than to open, *con amore,*
With St. Peter's and its glory
  And to feebly perorate on fleas.

Rising then to contemplation
Of the things of reputation,
  Here 's the Forum well deserves a word, —
Just a mammoth excavation
And a scene of desolation,
  Where the voice of Cæsar once was heard.

Oh, to see again the Templa
And the other fine exempla
  Of the art that poets long have sung;
And to hear the men that sat in
Council here and bandied Latin
  As a free and easy mother-tongue!

Think of men — outside of college —
Cracking jokes and swapping knowledge
  In impromptu Latin prose, and each,

Even members from the very
Slummy districts, making merry
With the most punctilious parts of speech.

Yonder where the rector solemn
Sits upon a fallen column
With his eyes on Murray's pages bent,
'Rose a temple once to Castor,
Twin of Pollux, and a master
Of the dusky arts then prevalent.

And the girl from Boston, sitting
In a dress of Paris fitting
On the block of marble over there,
Marks the spot where young Augustus
"Mashed" the vestal virgins, just as
Youthful Gussies still do everywhere.

Here did Brutus, wily master,
Cassius and the envious Casca,
Plot to hasten hated Cæsar's end.
Here Mark Antony, — to borrow
Shakespeare's language, — full of sorrow,
Came to bury, not to praise, his friend.

Let us spend an hour or two in
Merely glancing at the ruin
Of the Palace of the Cæsars on the hill.
Where a deal of excavation
Gives a little intimation
Of a Roman ruler's domicil.

Here 't is well — and customary —
To remark how temporary
  Are the works of puny mortal man,
And how very transitory
Are the power, and pomp, and glory
  Of the life that 's measured by a span.

And of course we can't neglect on
This occasion to reflect on
  Kingly Cæsar dead and turned to clay;
And to wonder if it may be
That he really can to-day be
  Stopping holes to keep the wind away.

But it may be well to choose some
Other topic not so grewsome,
  Or perhaps it will be next surmised —
And the thought is far from pleasing —
That we owe a fit of sneezing
  To a pinch of Nero pulverized.

VENICE.

I STAND in Venice — just as Byron did —
A-thinking obvious thoughts of land and sea,
And mourn that he should first have stood amid
Her crumbling palaces, and made so free
With certain thoughts which now occur to me,
And used the very language I would fain
Have wrapped them in: Alas, that such as he
Should first have found the field and stol'n the grain
And that I can't with credit steal it back again.

I 'd like to stand upon the Bridge of Sighs —
If I could do it of mine own accord —
And see "from out the wave her structures rise," —
But that again 's exactly what milord
Records that *he* did, and I can't afford
To crib his vision from his point of view.
Alas! why could n't he stay and be abhorred
In virtuous England, 'stead of saying adieu
To native land and coming here to sin anew?

What Venice was in that historic day
That dawned upon the glory of her prime,
Let others sing in more exalted lay;
And leave to me, and this my careless rhyme,
The city of the tourist and the time.

The gilded ruins of an age of gold,
The lingering echoes of a strain sublime,
And this alone in splendor as of old, —
Th' unfading light that softly lies on scar and mould.

There is a time for memory and a mood
For chronicles and glimpses of the past;
But here 's the fairest day that ever wooed
The spirit to itself, and o'er it cast
A chain of happy hours to bind it fast
In sweet forgetfulness of other days;
And while its tinted lights and shadows last
I 'll vex my soul with no historic maze,
Nor thread with pedant's chart these still and watery ways.

It is enough that on yon stately pile,
Bearing the graven shield that blazons yet
To heedless eyes, the pride that swelled a while
Within the breast of some forgotten pet
Of fickle fortune, sun and storm have set
In gold and gray and wrinkled fantasies
The seal of Time, the King: let me forget
The span of life, and let the hour that flies
Be to my soul the touch of passing centuries.

I see the wide lagoons a waste again,
Where beat the pulses of the sea alone;
Then squalid huts of men, out cast of men,
The sails of Commerce seeking for her own.
The city rising slowly, stone on stone,
Beyond the reach of the incoming tide,

And all the golden years to history known
Of thrift and valor wed and conquest wide,
And splendors fit to nourish an immortal pride.

Yet shall I see, this day, with vision clear
As ever Knight of War and Carnival,
The Soul of Venice. Forth, my gondolier,
And push thy prow adown the Grand Canal,
And past the Riva, past the Arsenal
And mimic park, far out from gleaming shore
Into the path of ships, till out of all
The dim and distant city come no more
The weary sounds and shapes of life: here stay thine oar.

. . . . . .

RIVIERA.

LONG I wandered, ever chilly,
Seeking warmth and finding not;
Came at last to Riviera,
Most extremely favored spot,
Where the temperature has never
Yet been known to rise or fall,
And the straw hat blooms all winter
With the colored parasol.
Here in March I find the fig-tree
Putting forth its ample leaf—
Once considered rather dressy—
And the strawberry the chief
Diet of the poorer classes,
And the season growing late
For the toothsome new potato
And the green pea out of date.
Here at last I find the sunshine
Very bright and blazing hot,
Yet in spite of all I shiver,
Seeking warmth and finding not.
Can it be the dreaded Mistral
Sweeping down from Alpine snows?
Hardly — when from morn to night and
Every day the South Wind blows:

Can it be a bit of ague
  Lurking somewhere in my breast
Smuggled from its home and mine in
  The remote malarial west?
Ah! full well I know the reason, —
  Reason too express and clear
To be doubted for a moment, —
  'T is the English atmosphere.

As the flakes of snow that herald
  Near approach of wintry weather,
Each so very like the other,
  All inclined to drift together,
So the really truly English
  Settle down upon the land,
And reduce the mean caloric
  In the way they understand.
Gathered in a land of plenty —
  Self-appointed lords of all, —
They consume the milk and honey,
  And diffuse ice-cream and gall.
Here a little British nation,
  Knowing but itself alone,
Very proud of the acquaintance,
  Rears a little altar stone
With a little mirror on it,
  And on humbly bended knees,
Looking only on the mirror,
  Worships only what it sees.
Here the truly British matron
  Finds it very, very hard
That hotels are not exclusive,

That the climate must be shared
With the native and his neighbors
And with even, if you please,
Us, the very awful, dreadful,
From beyond the rolling seas;
And that really one can hardly
Find a soul that one can know —
Save at risk of one's relation
To the classes down below.
Oh, ye folk of London feature!
What a weary world is this,
Where the plans of your Creator
Thus have gone so far amiss
That the upper class must labor
To maintain its social crown
Just because the lower orders
Will not labor to keep down.
But a truce to such reflections,
Lest I lose the safer path
Of the mere complacent tourist,
And perchance arouse the wrath
Of the friend at home — if haply
Friends and home remain to me —
Who with imitative ardor
Loves the thing he fain would be.

There 's another old resorter,
Quite a personage of note,
And a sort of standing target —
Here 's at him with anecdote.
Once upon a time, the Devil,
Quitting Paris for the day,

Flitted to the Riviera
  In his own convenient way.
He was seeking rest and quiet, —
  So his explanation ran;
But he really went on business,
  Ergo, fibbed it like a man.
He had watched the tide of travel
  From the north to southern skies
Grow in volume every season,
  And had noticed with surprise
That his gains in that department
  Did not seem to grow apace
With the winter population,
  As of course should be the case.
He perceived that as the people
  Felt the spell of Nature's smiles,
They became the less responsive
  To his own peculiar wiles,
Seemed to lose their zeal in sinning,
  With the truth were satisfied,
And in spite of all temptation
  Still inclined to virtue's side.
Clearly he must now resort to
  Measures very prompt and strong,
Learn how things had gone aright, and
  Then proceed to set them wrong.
Long he pondered, with his finger
  Laid beside his Roman nose,
And his eyes abstractly gazing
  At his few peculiar toes,
Till at last he chuckled softly,
  Like the villain in a play,

Slapped his thigh as sailors do, and
  Muttered to himself, "Je l'ai!"
Which, in Christian, means "I have it!"
  Then he smiled the sort of smile
That he wears when Faust the tenor
  Falls a victim to his guile,
And with spirits light and airy
  Sought the Prince of Monaco,
Took a lease, and let his contract,
  Then had little more to do.
Monte Carlo grows in beauty, —
  Saints and sinners pay the cost, —
All the world is freely bidden,
  And the Devil plays the host.
Not, of course, in proper person, —
  He has far too much at stake,
With a world of careless sinners
  And the parsons wide awake, —
But his tried and trusty agents
  Play the game and ply the rake;
And on summing up the season
  He has no complaints to make.

. . . . .

PROSE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB ON FEBRUARY 18, 1877.

EACH year as the 22d of February approaches, we are reminded that the Father of his Country was originally born in a small way and as a common infant. Waiving his peculiar right to be born on the Fourth of July, he modestly appeared in the most insignificant month of the year, and at once devoted himself to the serious business of life. So far as history informs us, he had no great natural advantages over other male children, and started on his career with no special facilities for becoming President.

He was at that time of medium height, loose-jointed, bald-headed, and inexperienced. He was careless about his dress, and natural in manner, impulsive and emotional, easily moved to tears, but deficient in humor; fond of rest by day and excitement by night; simple in his tastes; monotonously severe in his diet; free from intemperance, profanity, pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy. In short, he had no bad habits which he could not reasonably hope to outgrow, and no remarkable development of character or

intellect. Indeed, it is reported by some of his nurses who still live, that at this period of his life the Father of his Country had a soft spot in his head.

He evinced at an early age those democratic instincts which in later life made him the idol of the people. He associated freely with the juvenile produce of his father's slaves, sharing with them the glory of mud-pies and other primitive forms of keramic art, and winning their marbles as cheerfully and unaffectedly as if the little pickaninnies had been germs of royalty or the offspring of archangels. His pride was in his game, and not in his Caucasian blood. As a boy he loved his fellow-beings without distinction of color, and when he grew up and owned a good many of them, he valued the blackest man as highly as if he had been yellow or of some intermediate shade — the market price being the same. The natural feeling which prompted some proprietors to think more of the lighter tints was merged in the grand catholicity of his love for mankind.

We now turn to an incident of his early life which has been strangely overlooked by the historians, but which deserves to be regarded as a most significant event. When he was about nine years old he became the possessor of a hatchet. He saw in this not the emblem of cruelty, — the tomahawk of the savage, — but

the implement of industry; and straightway applied himself to the study of its uses. In his father's garden was a cherry-tree which bore no figs; and he heard a voice crying, "Cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?" and another voice, "Woodman, spare that tree!" He thought it might be spared, and he cut it down.

As he was about finishing his task he observed his father approaching, and trimming a long switch in a quiet and thoughtful manner. The latter playfully asked George if he was fond of chopping, and whether he intended to do much more that day, and about how long he thought it would take him to finish the orchard if he were excused from morning prayers, and had his meals sent out to him; and then, recurring to the fallen tree, he inquired, with considerable directness, who cut it down. George perceived the change in his father's manner, but kept on trimming the butt with his hatchet, and observed in his childish way that the curculio was a sore destroyer of cherry-trees; that the frost sometimes cut off vegetation with neatness and despatch; and that only the day before he had heard a neighbor's boy bragging about a new hatchet.

At last, finding his father unimaginative, and little given to speculative philosophy, he remarked that, inasmuch as he found himself unable to tell a lie successfully, he was convinced that honesty, under the circumstances, was the

best policy, and he would frankly admit that the performance which his father had just witnessed was not an optical illusion; and taking the paternal hand, — or *vice versa*, — he entered the house.

In the parlor concert which followed, the Father of his Country, prompted by the Grandfather of his Country, executed the recitative, staccato, and crescendo in admirable style, and, without waiting for an encore, retired early to the seclusion of his little bed, musing on the past, and trusting that in this case history would not repeat itself.

Thus, for a trifling impediment in his speech, our hero was switched off the line of horticultural industry into the example business.

Later in life, he was married to one Martha, the Mother of her Country, an exemplary and stately matron, who doubted that it was more blessed to give than to receive, and compromised the matter by giving receptions. His wife, however, with his farewell address and false teeth, belong to the latter years of his life, and it is not proposed at this time to trace the remoter consequences of his birth.

Returning then to his childhood, are there not some lessons to be drawn from its incidents which are worthy of our study? When examined in the light of this history how transparent are some of the popular delusions of to-day! He could not tell a lie, — we have his own word for that, — and

yet he succeeded in politics. Can we longer adhere to the modern doctrine of political necessities? We learn, too, that notwithstanding occasional exceptions to the rule, virtue hath its own reward. George told the truth about the cherry-tree, and suffered for a time in consequence; but to-day a great city bears his name as a tribute to his truthfulness, and clings to the truth with a faithfulness worthy of its name. It is easier to tear the babe from its mother, than to get the truth from that city. He told the truth and suffered; but a grateful people periodically think of raising a monument to his memory, and he has bequeathed his name very generally to the posterity of other patriots.

Of course, it is not intended by reference to this grand example to indicate that Washington might not have achieved immortality by other means, or that no American youth can hope to realize his district school ambition, save by commencing on cherry-trees. We have moralized in vain, if this is our conclusion. We rather choose to believe that the method is unimportant if the principle be followed; that it would probably answer the purpose as well to rob a hen-roost or steal a watermelon, provided, always, the deed be confessed if necessary. Let the boys of to-day study the example of this noble youth, who told the truth because he could not tell a lie, and we shall not lack material for Presidents.

A PORTION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT REWRITTEN.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB ON MAY 19, 1879.

SOME weeks ago a certain eminent divine, who has yet the grace to be human, preached a sermon on Ingersoll as a Bible-critic, and in the course of his remarks frankly admitted that the orthodox churches contained some members who, by their bald and literal interpretation, were not less inimical to the Scriptures than those who openly attacked them.

He said that the Old Testament should be regarded and read, not as a veritable history, but as a poem. This remark so impressed me that I walked home in a brown study, and before reaching my door had resolved to remedy, in some measure at least, the error which the minister had pointed out.

It was evident that the Old Testament was not commonly recognized as a poem because it did not look like one; and that its parables and metaphors were lost to the general reader by lack of suggestion in the narrative. Why should not I rewrite the story in modern verse (which to the

multitude might seem a poem), and while adorning the tale point the moral here and there for the instruction of those less versed in the mysteries of applied Scripture?

I felt that it was a grand conception; and fearing lest some other philanthro-poet should anticipate me in the good work, I opened the family Bible and commenced upon the first chapter of Genesis, thus: —

> "In the beginning," — that is, as it were,
> Along at first, — quite early, though of course
> Not quite at first, but formerly, before
> Some later efforts of creative force, —

and so on, the design being to show the very early creation of the heaven and the earth without committing the text to any positive statement as to the absolute beginning of time; and thus to avoid the first stumbling-block presented by the old version.

It is perhaps needless to say that the work as it progresses presents some technical difficulties. Thus, in doing the book of the generations of Noah, it requires some ingenuity to express in perfect rhythm and faultless rhyme the complicated fact that "Joktan begat Almodad, and Sheleph, and Hazarmaveth, and Jerah, and Hadoram, and Uzal, and Diklah, and Obal, and Abimael, and Sheba, and Ophir, and Havilah, and Jobab: all these were the sons of Joktan."

I have found, however, that on such occasions a metre formed by a peculiar combination of Walt Whitman and the multiplication table answered the purpose tolerably well, though the result, I fancy, somewhat lacks the poetic fervor and lofty inspiration of other passages.

But to illustrate by a few extracts the character and purpose of the work, let us take, for instance, the story of the tempting apple, or the fall of man.

It is not easy to gather from the old version just how the gift of the apple to Adam entailed upon the race the annoyance of perspiration; but by changing the facts a little and the form a little more the matter is made as plain as possible — thus: —

As Eve took a walk in the Park one day
  In the early forenoon of time,
A serpent came to her and thus he did say:
  "Here 's yer apples now, three for a dime."

She turned to depart, but he pressed her to stay.
  She lingered, — Ah! there was her blunder, —
And, twirling her thumbs in a diffident way,
  She murmured, "What 's apples, I wonder."

"Why, really," he said, "is it possible, madam,
  You don't know? Ah! well, such is life;
But I never supposed that a man like Adam
  Would play such a trick on his wife."

"I see," she exclaimed; "you mean that he 's had 'em
And never divided with me.
Pray help me, good sir, to get even with Adam."
"With pleasure, my lady," said he.

Now he carried his apples all strung on his tail;
So he snapped off the end one, and said,
"Take it, lady, and seek the old man in the vale,
And put some hot coals on his head,

"By dividing the apple and giving him half —
Thus doing him good for evil."
"An excellent plan," she replied, with a laugh,
And she merrily winked at the devil.

Then she hurried to Adam and borrowed his knife,
And cutting the apple in two,
Said, "Take a piece, darling, your own little wife
Has been waiting to share it with you."

He ate; but the keen recollection of how
He had treated poor Eve made him wince,
And the coals on his head made the sweat on his brow
That has stuck to the race ever since.

In like manner the story of the Ark, which in the original version is hard to understand and extra hard to believe, when thus treated is as simple as a nursery rhyme, and bears an obvious moral, as will appear: —

Now Noah, being wondrous wise,
Foresaw a change of weather,
He built an ark of goodly size
And got his crew together:

Of sons and daughters, bugs and rats,
Pole-cats and polar bears,
White elephants, baboons, and bats, —
And all in happy pairs;

And mated frogs and wedded ants,
And two of every species
Of living thing, except, perchance,
The water-snakes and fishes;

And then he started on his trip,
Directed by the Fates,
And he was captain of the ship
And all the rest were mates.

Day after day they sailed about
Where never sail had been,
And all the time it rained without,
And Noah reigned within.

He had a store of proper food
And for a cook, his daughter,
Who had no lack of gopher-wood,
Nor far to go for water.

He sorted out the animals
With nice discrimination,
And prayed at stated intervals
For death — or ventilation.

And when the beasts inclined to prey
He kept the peace among 'em,
Preached them a sermon every day,
Gave out the hymns — and sung 'em.

At last to Ararat he came —
  Released by saving grace —
Laid out a town upon the same,
  And grew up with the place.

MORAL.

Who lives a life of sanctity
  Shall profit by his pains;
For he will know enough, you see,
  To go in when it rains.

But it is not alone in elucidating the text and emphasizing its lessons that the new version is useful. It serves to abstract and condense the history in many cases.

Then there is much written of Samson; but the average reader retains only a confused recollection of his chief exploits; and so for convenience the history of this remarkable person is boiled down into a few lines which contain the salient points, thus: —

Samson's forte was catching foxes,
Dealing death and paradoxes,
Piling corpses up in car-lots,
Stealing gates and trusting harlots.
He was not a common one —
Quite a queer phenomenon —
But a misdirected razor
Cut him off in wicked Gaza.

Or at least it cut off his hair, which was about all there was of him.

And so I might go on with a mile or two of well-intended rhymes, showing how the dry facts of Bible history may be made juicy and nutritious; but the proprieties forbid us to claim for such a purpose much of the time of a company gathered for secular purposes and somewhat subject to irreverent moods.

I hope to complete the work soon, though I have lately encountered an obstacle which may prove insurmountable; for I have reached a point where the metre requires a rhyme for Potiphar, and the plan seems to demand an explanation, acceptable to the modern metropolitan mind, of the course pursued by Joseph on one occasion.

The first difficulty might perhaps be met thus:

> In came the wife of Potiphar
> And Joseph quickly got afar;

but just why he did so I have not yet succeeded in making clear and at the same time poetical.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

READ AT THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB RECEPTION OF OCTOBER 30, 1882.

"OUR Federal Constitution," said my uncle John, at the close of our quiet dinner, "protects us in the pursuit of happiness. Let us smoke."

And as he lit his cigar and took the first whiffs in the silence and perfect serenity due from the smoker to his favorite brand, I looked at his genial face, and reflected that without great wealth or fame or exceptional gifts, he was envied of men, and so I said to him, —

"Yes, in this free land the pursuit of happiness is an open chase, but one in which the pursuer is always baffled.

"Now you have followed the *ignis fatuus* till your beard is gray; but have you ever overtaken it?"

"Well," he said, "I have never caught the flame in my hat, as some men are said to have done, but I believe that I have at last come within the circle of its light and warmth; and if you can restrain your talking propensities long enough to hear me, and won't be too critical of

my post-prandial philosophy, I will give you a little retrospect of the devious wanderings which have brought me at sixty years to a position of conscious superiority, in point of contentment and happiness, to most persons in our plane of life."

Of course I readily promised silence, and my uncle John proceeded: —

"I am the more ready to talk with you somewhat at length upon this subject, and to give you the benefit of my experience and observation, because I am satisfied that, as there is no problem relating to this life alone more important than this question of happiness, so there is none through which men grope so blindly.

"There is in every community like ours a large class of persons who are above the misery of hunger, want, and most forms of hardship, yet not exceptionally fortunate in the general conditions of life, who constitute the body of what we call society.

"These people have the preparatory education of the college and seminary, intelligence, conventional courtesy and morality, self-respect and ambition. These qualities commonly lead to a fair competence, and secure a social position entirely respectable. It is of the happiness possible to such people, and especially some of the common errors of pursuit, that I am speaking."

"Then," said I, interrupting my uncle, "you

propose to teach me how not to be happy. That is an art which I have supposed myself capable of learning without a master."

"No doubt, my boy," replied my uncle, who was accustomed thus to rejuvenate me when he set out to talk wisely; "but, while I admit your proficiency, you have not yet made all the mistakes open to you; and perhaps by warning I may save you from blunders yet 'undreamt of in your philosophy,' unless indeed you are so wedded to your errors that, like love's follies, they defy both precept and example.

"Of course you will hardly expect me to lay down precise rules for the attainment of happiness. I might perhaps give you one, — 'Be virtuous and you will be happy,' — but I fancy you would demand sub-rules for practical use, and might even then complain of the onerous conditions.

"Life is a labyrinth of many ways, and we gain the true paths mainly by indirection, — by tracing out others to find that they lead astray."

"But," said I, "is not all happiness a mere delirium, — a mental condition largely independent of will and effort?"

"No," he replied, "not the same condition of which I am speaking. A drivelling idiot may seem to be happy in that he has no capacity for care or mental suffering; but he is not happy, because he lacks the power to know and appre-

ciate. A man is not sane merely because he cannot know that he is insane, or awake simply because he cannot be conscious of sleep.

"One may seem to find ecstasy in a grain of opium; but he is not happy in his dream, — he simply dreams of happiness. If happiness were, as you suggest, a mere delirium, then must the world either abandon the pursuit, or consistently multiply the means and forms of intoxication; and the spell must be maintained: the judgment must never wake to know that it has slept, or the baseless fabric of the dream is gone.

"But to drift further with the current of your question: I can see, of course, that there are often found happy conditions of mind that seem inherent. The world is full of laughing children who appear to hold their gladness as a birthright; and there are men and women of such bright and joyous spirit that they seem to see the sun through every cloud; and some, too, so maimed and broken, so crushed by real affliction, that it seems a mockery to talk to them of any rest but in the grave, or point them to any hope but that which is folded in the promise of death.

"But I must remind you that I am speaking, not of the accidents of birth or temperament or circumstances, but of the average man under ordinary conditions of the individual and of society, and am considering how far — or how best — he may with the common opportunities of life advance himself toward happiness.

"You will perhaps say that the churches point the way. True, there is a faith which lifts the spirit into a religious ecstasy, — a spiritual anæsthetic which steeps the soul in a painless dream of happiness so sweet and so profound that it knows no ills and seeks no remedy; but to some men such faith never comes, though earnestly besought; and the half-faith that pervades society and makes for righteousness at intervals is not the solace of every hour nor the sufficient help in all emergencies.

"I am not deriding the pulpit or disputing its wide domain; but there is a field outside in which the layman may preach the homely philosophy of our daily life, and if the pulpit pronounce the theme ignoble, reply with Pope, —

> "'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

"However, I am preaching too long a sermon as a prelude to the bit of personal history I promised you, and which I intend to be a sort of sermon in itself.

"Of course I really commenced the pursuit of happiness at a very early age; but it will serve our present purpose if I introduce myself at about your age, since it would do no good to put up guide-boards at the corners you have already turned.

"At twenty-five I was the usual boy of that

age. I had not been out of college long enough to realize how manifestly I had not completed my education, and I had seen just enough of the world to fancy that there was hardly a verdant leaf in all my foliage.

"I might then have enjoyed a sort of happiness in the fond consciousness of youth, health, and ambition, but for the fact that I imagined myself to be poor, and intuitively knew that I was a bachelor. So I resolutely set about the removal of these obstacles. As the way of trade was then considered the shortest path to wealth, I found employment in a mercantile house of some prominence; and a little later, having then secured an income sufficient to support about one man and a quarter of modest wants, I met a lady who, with the amiable propensity of her sex, kindly allowed me to marry her.

"At thirty, I had gained a business footing which relieved me of anxiety as to the means of life; and at thirty-five, I had reached a point where I needed only a little philosophy to make me really and consciously happy; for I had then acquired an income which enabled me to live well, though not extravagantly, and to enjoy many things which I had been accustomed to regard as the far-off luxuries of life.

"I had the blessing of a good wife, and knew the most exquisite of all human joys in the love of children.

"We had a respectable social position just outside the fashionable centre, and my work had not then dulled my spirits or drawn me away from the enjoyment of friends.

"As I look back to it now this was, or should have been, the most delightful period of my life. It was a time of comfort without display, plenty without satiety, and simple pleasure without pretense.

"But the insidious passion of the business world had infected me: I was ambitious to become rich, — sensationally rich.

"I had begun life with the hope of winning enough to provide comfort and the leisure for self-culture and rational enjoyment. But now that I had accomplished this, I could not relinquish the purpose of gain. The things to which at twenty-five I had aspired, when reached at thirty-five seemed pitifully mean. I could afford to live freely in a single house, but my neighbor in the double house seemed to present a broader front to the world and to fill the eye of the public with a portlier presence. I could then well afford the modest entertainment of my friends, and could play the host at a quiet dinner with genuine pleasure; but I wanted the sensation of lavish hospitality. I did not crave wealth for the mere love of possession; I would not slave for gold merely to hoard it. And so encouraging myself with the thought that I needed more merely

as a further means to some higher end, I embarked in new and absorbing enterprises, and after a long period of wearing toil, of anxious days and restless nights, of mental and spiritual starvation, I found myself at fifty a miserable millionaire."

Here my uncle paused for a moment, and I ventured to inquire at what point in the millions he thought the average millionaire would logically be driven to suicide as an escape from his money.

"I suppose," said he, "you mean to suggest that because the wealth I have amassed brought me disappointment it should by further increase render life intolerable. You are hardly right. I suffered not by the mere possession, but by the process of acquisition; and I am disposed to think that a man may find about as much disappointment in one million as in ten, if he knows how to go about it — as I did.

"What was my system? Well, I'll tell you.

"In the first place, I gave myself early in life to a fatal error. I overestimated the power of wealth to confer happiness.

"I saw about me on every hand men and women who lived in apparent luxury — who were certainly free from the sordid cares which beset me — and I said to myself, 'These people are happy. They rejoice in elegant leisure, in the opportunity for charity, in the indulgence of refined tastes, in the consciousness of conspicuous position and social influence;' and I foolishly com-

pared their lot with mine, and explained all differences by the disparity in fortune: and so I set out upon a weary pilgrimage to the shrine of my false faith, only to reach it at last footsore and disenchanted.

"I had youth, health, and ambition; and with these what glorious possibilities in my unspent years of life! but I sold them for a million, and the sorry consolation that the world would not perceive how badly I was cheated.

"The alchemy that would transmute base metals into gold was the wild dream of another age; but we have found an alchemy that fuses into current coin the best elements of life, — the music, poetry, and passion that are the inheritance of youth from untold centuries of human aspiration and achievement.

"I well remember the day — my fiftieth birthday — when I made the inventory which first assured me of the coveted sum, and how I showed it to my good wife, and how she said, 'Yes, John, it seems a great deal; but somehow I don't feel as rich as I did the day you bought the pony for the boys.'

"Strange — was n't it — that after years of her own carriage and ample purse she should recall the poor little pony, bought long ago with the savings of a modest income? But, stranger still, I could not banish it from my thoughts.

"I lay awake that night, reviewing the career of

a lifetime, summing up its gains and losses; and in the morning I arose confessedly a poor man.

"With a million of money I could buy nothing but sustenance for a nature shrunken by neglect.

"I had gained nothing that a fool with inherited money might not buy, nothing that the reverses of a year or two might not sweep away, leaving me poor indeed; and I was a slave to care and anxiety.

"Of the real treasures of the world — its art, literature, culture, philanthropy — I had won no share; they had enriched others while I had been trading myself piecemeal for needless gold. True, I had upon my walls admired paintings; but I was conscious that I regarded them, like the frieze or dado, merely as proper details of house decoration.

"I had a library suitable to my house; but so far as my intellectual needs were concerned, it might as well have been stored in my warehouse.

"I gave the conventional patronage to opera and oratorio, but listened to the music in a dull, unprofitable way, hardly knowing the difference between an overture and a fugue.

"In short, I found that for all the pleasures of life that come to eye and ear, to heart and mind, all zest had gone with wasted opportunities, and that for all that money could furnish such a man I had learned indifference.

"There had been a time when to ride in a

carriage was esteemed a luxury, and when a good dinner with a friend was just rare enough to be remembered as a special event; but now, my carriage being a matter of course, I took it when the horse-cars would not answer my purpose, and with as little thought of congratulating myself upon it as a luxury as I would have given to my shoes; and as to good dinners with my friends, they had become duller than a bank directors' meeting."

Here, as my uncle paused, I remarked that he had at least acquired the power to advance others, and perhaps gain happiness by conferring it.

"Yes," he replied, "to some extent; but the trouble is that as a rule the habits of life acquired in the long process of accumulating a fortune unfit the possessor for philanthropic work.

"He has no enthusiasms, no such love for any cause that to give to it would be a special pleasure; and so he gives, if at all, as a concession to public opinion — as a sort of penance for being rich — and under a secret protest. In such giving there is about as much happiness as in being robbed on the highway.

"Or such a man gives lavishly for display, to hear the music of his name upon the tongues of men, and with about the same high grade of happiness with which he pays his advertising bills.

"Still, there is much that a rich man may do

with his money beyond the supply of his own wants, of a character to react in happiness; and I believe that I should have sought this relief, but for an accident, the great fire which you doubtless remember, which suddenly reduced me from wealth to the modest fortune I now possess.

"I made no effort to recover my losses, but withdrew from active business, content with enough remaining to afford me reasonable comfort and freedom from care, and then devoted myself to a new departure in the pursuit of happiness; and the fact that my life, emerging from bondage at fifty, has reached a fuller, heartier happiness at sixty than it ever knew in youth or prime, may justify me in affecting to teach you something of what I call my philosophy.

"Now you are starting out for the common goal; and I charge you if you seek happiness, and of a kind that never yet imperilled an immortal soul, lay up for yourself treasures in this world, — but not of the kind that moth and rust can corrupt or thieves steal.

"Pray not for the gift of Midas. Remember the hungry fool reaching out for food and clutching a golden mockery, the starving wretch fleeing on golden footprints to the waters of Pactolus to wash away the curse of his magic touch.

"He is pitifully poor, though he count millions, who cannot buy for his heart the throb of human

sympathy, or purchase for his age the solace of respect. To the world he may seem to be the favorite of fortune: but hear what old Izaak Walton says:

"'As God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they dog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.

"'We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself.'

"Jonesby is called rich because he has three millions invested in railroads, but he has also invested *himself* in railroads.

"He belongs to stockholders who are dividing him up in dividends.

"Our friend Smithsby has a million or two snugly secured, and devotes his penurious mind to keeping down his expenses. Poor old soul! He is in love with his ungrateful gold, that will not serve *him*, but works only for its own increase. He is but the ill-fed watch-dog of his own treasury, and he lives for a dog's reward.

"But to resume the strain of advice: I hope that you will not be led by the course of others to think too highly of money for its own sake, or for the pleasures and benefits which it may seem to confer.

"As society is constituted, every man is expected to be self-supporting, and should seek to gain the means of a comfortable life,— not necessarily the means to live without labor,— for to most men capable of what I call intelligent happiness, work of some sort is desirable,— but to escape the necessity of constant and distasteful drudgery.

"This is perhaps the first rational step towards happiness, since of course to the average man of our society the contentment of insensate poverty or mere careless vagabondage is impossible; but the time and thought given to the accumulation of a surplus are generally misspent.

"The man of moderate means and the philosophy to find them sufficient for his reasonable uses, is richer than a Vanderbilt with all his millions and his greed for more.

"Every person has a certain natural range of wants. His appetite demands a certain kind and quantity of food; his mind requires to be nourished according to its quality and training; his social nature must have its congenial atmosphere, and his impulses their opportunity for action; and so it seems to me that just as there is a proper house for every man, according to his tastes, the size of his family, and the number of his welcome guests, so there is a fortune appropriate for every man; and by this I mean that fortune which he can use with advantage to himself and those dependent upon him in supplying their proper wants, in

promoting rational pleasures, and in judicious charities,— in a word, just so much as he can enjoy in the use and not in the mere possession.

"All beyond this, that is gained at the expense of time and energy, costs too much; for a man's time is all there is of him in this world, and he can ill afford to spend himself for the mere possession of anything he does not need.

"It is with money as with life: he alone holds it worthily who can upon occasion regard it with indifference.

"Of course mere riches may gain the possessor the envy and homage of a certain class; but the rich man, unless he be a simple fellow rich by accident, instead of deriving pleasure from this source, is humiliated by the thought that the same tribute would follow his money into the hands of any fool.

"Why, sometimes, when I had the million of which I told you, a young man would rise and press me to take his seat in a car when a feeble woman was standing before him.

"Can you imagine that I found anything but pain and shame in such a deference as that?

"And often during that period I received invitations from the fastidious De Browns or the exclusive Smythes, telling me in conventional phrase, leaving a little to be understood, that they desired the presence of a millionaire in my person at a dinner or musical reception; and of course

I regarded the compliment as something less than that they paid the hired musicians, since they were bidden for their skill and accomplishments, and I for nothing meritorious."

My uncle paused here, and thinking the occasion opportune to turn him to a lighter strain, I pushed the decanter toward him, and said: —

"I confess that you have about persuaded me not to amass many millions more than I suppose I need, and not to work immoderately in getting the little fortune that shall fit me, as you put it; but what more shall I do — or not do — to be happy?

"You say that in your unhappy days of wealth you were offered the advantages of fashionable society. Now suppose that this society, overlooking my philosophical poverty, should open its doors to me: shall I enter?"

"Ah!" said my uncle, "I perceive that you have heard enough of the evils of money-getting; but before we quit the subject, let us sum it up after the fashion of old Time himself — don't you remember the lines: —

"'Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,
And I no farthing richer!"
Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain!
I prithee pass the pitcher;
Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker;
'T is hard to get, — 'tis hard to hold;
Come, lad, fill up your beaker!"'"

And after suiting the action to the quoted word, my uncle looked at me with a quizzical smile, and said: —

"As to fashionable society — well, perhaps you may as well try it, just for the experience.

"Most men like meat better after trying to eat feathers. But just examine yourself first; or, if you 're not good at diagnosis, get some old fellow like me to do it for you, — and find out what manner of man you are for such experiments; and if you find that your pulse is steady at something under seventy; that your vanity is broken to bit and·rein; that your heart is domestic enough to decline excursion tickets from strangers; and, in short, that you have common sense enough to avoid making a fool of yourself under strong temptations, then, I would say to you, go into fashionable society. Society, in its broad sense, is the common school of the race, fashionable society the dancing-school.

"Perhaps you may as well learn to waltz, if you are sure you can do so without forgetting how to walk.

"In this school you will be taught that policy is the best honesty; but don't stake your whole future on that proposition until you have tested it; and you will learn that fat brains and brutish instincts are excusable defects in a man who has distinguished himself by inheriting a fortune; but don't act upon that doctrine in choosing friends or models.

"And you may sometimes find a firefly passing for a meteor, but don't conclude at once that every glowworm is a star.

"You will perhaps see a man six feet long and bearded, with his brilliant intellect focused upon his scarf, his keen introspection arrested by his under-clothing; or notice the antics of some veteran beau, who, as Lord Chesterfield once said of himself, has been dead for years, but does not wish it to be known; or you may observe how cleverly one woman stabs a dozen with a new dress; or watch a cage of pretty parrots, and see them flutter in consternation when some wilful bird that will not learn the parrot phrases spreads her impatient wings and sounds the note of the free forest; but such observations will hardly afford you more than amusement.

"Still, you will find people intent upon the same purpose as yourself, — the attainment of happiness, — and if you wear your eyes open, you may profit by their errors.

"You will see especially the folly of pretense.

"Let me illustrate this by a woman's case, — not that women are more dishonest than men, but because the conditions of their life and social status expose them to more insidious temptations, and render more conspicuous the consequences of this error.

"She craves admiration — in itself a legitimate element of happiness.

"She finds that homage is paid to beauty, and so she attempts by fraud to simulate a beauty she has not. She buys with false coin, and she cannot wholly enjoy her purchase: she fears detection, and this fear stimulates her to an anxious effort that precludes happiness."

Here I interrupted my uncle, — for I could not tamely listen to such a criticism of the better sex, — and said: —

"Do you really mean to say that in such things women are dishonest, and by these trifling deceptions they work out their own unhappiness? Is not beauty admirable and the love of admiration seemly in a woman?"

"Ah!" replied my uncle, "I see that your gallantry is challenged, and you must champion your fair divinities; but you take me too seriously.

"I do not mean that the lady who gilds her tresses of copper and passes them for gold commits a crime, or that she will inevitably suffer the pangs of remorse for such an act; but I say the motive is dishonest, and the end will be disappointment.

"In the social market where she buys there is no law against such things, and moreover she is encouraged and assured by the frequency and apparent success of similar enterprises on every side.

"By some undiscussable law of her nature, such a woman must be noticed by men, or she perishes;

and if she be not wholly blind, she readily perceives that the average man sees quicker with his eye than with his mind, and is not fastidious in the indulgence of his senses.

"He languidly admits the excellence of some plain woman with working brain and sterling character, but devotes himself to some girl with shaded eyes and tinted cheeks.

"You may say that he invites the fraud, and deserves to be deceived. True; if we assume that he is deceived we shall waste no sympathy on him.

"But the mischief is not to him — at least not directly. The woman practises her art, not with the almost laudable design to deceive men who court deception, but for the purpose of attracting admiration by false pretenses; and almost before she realizes her ephemeral success she feels some pang that robs her of the coveted satisfaction. She has given herself to a lie, and she must share its fate. She has given it currency, and the world honors it with a smile that implies no censure; but she is not content, for she cannot be sure that the smile is not a cheat too; or perhaps she is painfully shocked at some more glaring fraud which under her very eyes has achieved a more conspicuous success.

"But by all means, my boy, go into fashionable society.

"Voltaire says that illusion is the first of all

pleasures; and here you may find the beginning of happiness.

"However, you need not believe implicitly in all appearances.

"For example, Mrs. Smithby, who brought from the finishing school the paper pattern of an education, and loves art well enough to enjoy a plate of her favorite fruit in a chromo, meets Mrs. Jonesby, who is really a model housekeeper, somewhat debilitated by the epidemic æstheticism in her system.

"With a gentle sorrow just tinged by the bitterness of unforgiving censure, Mrs. Smithby deplores the meretricious tendency of modern art; while Mrs. Jonesby, who has lately knelt at the feet of an apostle in hair and knee-breeches, mourns over the fearful responsibility of a trustee for beauty, and laments the degradation of a race that will not dress in symphonies.

"But, my boy, don't let such evidence of grief sadden your young life. Time will assuage such sorrows, and these fair sufferers will yet find something to live for, — perhaps art, or church, or children, but probably fashionable society.

"For such stricken ones, as for the soft-eyed young widow who begins to take notice, you may safely trust to a relenting fate, for I believe that even Fate might be cajoled by one of these, who sigh with such discretion and weep so apropos."

"Really," exclaimed I, with some heat, "do you mean to condemn these modish little fictions? Is it not better for such people to talk up than down? Would you have a lady for honesty's sake parade her love of cabbages in a society that is lily-mad?"

"Well," said he, "I think that in the pursuit of happiness she will gain more by eating cabbages with a relish than by taking lilies as a prescription.

"But I repeat, probably society of this kind won't hurt you, and may teach you lessons worth learning.

"You are, I perceive, already conscious of women in the world; and so, having nodded to your destiny, you may as well offer your arm and go the way of all men, even though it lead you into that carnival of women we call the circle of fashion.

"What a masquerade it seems to an old man in the gallery! And yet I confess to you that when I was a boy of your age and down among the maskers I thought it all real life, and took the fellow in armor for a knight, and the creature with a wand for a true queen of fairies; and you may do the same, and perhaps be none the worse for it, if you don't die young; for you will find food for thought, and may be wise enough to stop sometimes to think.

"But if you are led to wonder whether devo-

tion to such a life brings true happiness, mark its devotees.

"Take, for instance, a young girl, the unfortunate child of some worldly, ambitious woman, who has reached the position of a leader in society.

"The daughter, of course, is destined to the same life, and must come to it prepared. Follow her through the course of artificial training begun in the nursery and continued in the fashionable boarding-school.

"Observe how carefully the natural impulses of youth are warped into the cool artfulness of the tutored miss; how readily the development of her understanding is postponed to the training of her voice and step; how wickedly the culture of her heart is sacrificed to the acquisition of stated accomplishments and selected affectations, until, out of the grand possibilities of girlhood, she comes to society distorted and made over, robbed of the strength and sweetness that God gave her for her woman's portion, and equipped instead with the ready artifice, the social maxims, the ravenous vanity, and mercenary purpose of the fashionable *débutante*.

"If we trace her further, we shall see how faithfully she worships at the shrine of fashion, and how blindly she follows the decrees of that wanton goddess in dress, habits, sentiment, and even religion; for that is often scarce deeper than her complexion, and may be shaded as easily to suit the mode.

"Her beauty, grace, accomplishments, and position, — these are her capital for speculation, and she places it in the social mart with all the shrewdness of a practical financier; and after a few seasons of physical, mental, and spiritual dissipation, she bestows on some deluded man the empty chrysalis of her affections which they agree to call a heart, and gives herself to slow starvation over the garnished mess of pottage for which she has bartered her birthright of true womanhood.

"And, my boy, she will smile like a seraph to the end; but don't imagine that the smile betokens happiness. It is said that in Sardinia grows a poisonous plant which, if eaten by man, convulses the features into a horrible expression of mirth, and the tortured victim slowly dies with the sardonic smile upon his face. And so, I fancy, we sometimes read in the set smile of fashion the story of a poisoned and wasting life.

"But, you will say, there must be some scope for happiness in such a life, or men and women would not continue in it. That does not follow. There are errors as old as mankind and apparent as the sun, which will always continue to ensnare the majority.

"Anger, hatred, and malice are patent ways to vain regret, and yet the multitude will not forsake them.

"Of course, I am not condemning the social life

of our people, so far as it fosters a natural sympathy and teaches the amenities of life, for to that extent it is beneficent; but I am warning you against any serious devotion to that phase of society which is due to idleness, vanity, and surplus wealth, and in which too often a clever affectation passes for culture.

"It is a game of counterfeits, and the winnings are mainly spurious. In business life a man who gains credit by false representations is punished as a swindler. In society a man who gets position by false pretenses is often justified by success; but then, if society were conducted upon business principles, it would become a court of bankruptcy."

Here I again interrupted my uncle, and inquired, with some asperity, perhaps, why he had chosen so often to illustrate the foibles of society by feminine examples.

"Because," said he, "in that direction the evil is the more apparent and mischievous. Did any man ever frame his picture of earthly happiness without a woman's face in it? Is there anything in life so dear to man as the undefiled purity of woman, or so lovely as her natural grace and beauty?

"The things that degrade a man's ideals impoverish the man, and hence I say that these social errors are the concern of man, and fair targets for his satire.

"The sins of men are of the grosser sort, and palpable enough for the grasp of law; but those of women come in such questionable shapes that we hesitate to give them name and character.

"Suppose it were possible that a fashionable lady, though somewhat dim in her theology, should have a clear conception of a stylish religion. She would be concerned not so much about *what* she worshipped as what she worshipped *in*, and would probably limit her creed to the belief in a personal clergyman.

"Of course in view of your threatening demeanor I don't suggest that there is really such a case to be found; but if there were, society would doubtless let it pass for piety, and hardly hint at profanation.

"Therefore because of the tendencies which appear in fashionable society — the society that asserts itself and affects to set up standards other than worth and true culture — I say to you, enjoy it as you would a play. Go where you please for study or recreation, but don't get stage-struck. Take the stimulant if you need, but beware of the chronic thirst, or you are lost."

Then I reminded my uncle that he had only told of the things which in his life of wealth he had found unproductive of happiness; and that I should be glad to know by what steps he had escaped from the error of his ways and reached

the position of a consciously happy man; and he replied: —

"In the first place, let me disclaim perfect felicity: no sane or sober man possesses it. I am simply contented, and I actively enjoy life; and as to the process — why, you have much of it already by inference, and the rest I can give you in few words.

"At fifty I realized that I had sadly neglected my power of rational enjoyment, and, upon the theory that one is never too old to learn, I began to educate myself for what you may perhaps call a selfish life. True, it is selfish; but so are many of our best deeds. Indeed, I have sometimes thought there is much truth in La Rochefoucauld's maxim that 'Our virtues are frequently but vices;' and perhaps the converse is sometimes true. At all events, we may admit that for men who lack the learning and genius to confer direct benefits upon mankind, the highest form of selfishness, which consists in the development of the best self, is a beneficent virtue.

"My method was simple and direct. For example, a comet appeared in the heavens, and I conceived the idea that a man of general intelligence and leisure for study might as well know something about comets. So I bought an astronomy and renewed my youthful studies, and, I am proud to say, became interested, and learned to find new pleasures in the stars that I had

gazed upon for half a century. I invited artists to my house and got them to talk to me of art and teach me something of their methods, not that I might make pretense of art-culture, but simply to enhance to me the value of my crude love for form and color; and I learned to enjoy the pictures on my walls and in the galleries not merely by vague impression, but, measurably, for their merits and their evidence of artistic skill.

"I was unwilling that the stream of literature should flow through all the world and not contribute to my cup of life, and so I have learned to find pleasure in thoughts which I had long put aside as unworthy of a mind dedicated to commerce; and I have found friends in men whom formerly I had regarded as useless members of society, — some of them queer fellows, you would say, but each with a fund of knowledge, a vein of delicious humor, or a store of rare conceits, that amply repays me for the trouble of discovery. I have even reached that high degree of philosophy which enabled me to go a-fishing without feeling that I thereby lost time or dignity. And then to such griefs as came to me, I gave no welcome, but sought to be rid of them as quickly as possible, attacking them with all fair weapons, just as I would fight a headache with fresh air or a dose of medicine. Except the fear of death there is nothing in life so unphilosophical as mourning forced by a sense of duty or prolonged by a

social custom. In a word, after a life devoted to the accumulation of a fortune and to the conventional forms of recreation, I found that the best pleasures and the worthiest satisfaction possible to my nature were of a kind that money could not buy, or even promote, except so far as it furnished relief from drudgery and sordid cares; and my chief regret as I draw near the end of life is, that I have spent its best years in the worship of false gods.

"But I have wearied you with my rambling monologue. Let me epitomize part of our table talk to-night in a little fable.

"A man lived in a beautiful garden, but he knew not of the fruit and flowers, for all the day long he digged in the earth for gold, and the bee and the bird and the passer-by gathered the riches of the garden; and when his day was done he had digged a pit deep enough for a grave and the gold he had found was enough to bury him."

Here my Aunt Jane entered the room to see if my uncle was smoking more than one cigar after his dinner, and during the explanation which ensued I withdrew, musing over my uncle's queer fancies and repeating to myself the old familiar lines, —

> "O happiness, how far we flee
> Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!"

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE DEVIL.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB ON JANUARY 31, 1887.

NO character in history or fiction has been so universally execrated as the devil. He is nearly as old as man, and throughout his long career he has been regarded by most of our race as vastly their inferior in point of morality. Only the most humbly pious of men — those who have found ecstasy in magnifying their worm-hood and sought perfection by exaggerating their deformities — have admitted his superiority; and even these have assumed that in this very self-abasement was a virtue which must ultimately put him beneath their feet. Wherever man has dwelt, the devil has been known and feared. We believe there is no race of people known to history which has not acknowledged him in some shape or guise, either as a single spirit or a band of spirits, an emanation from air or earth or water, a wind, a river, an animal, a bird, a man-like personality or an indescribable monster, but always as a supernatural being or power intent upon evil, and the inveterate foe of man. How long, or in what various forms, he was known during that prehis-

toric period whose countless ages we scarcely estimate, is of course conjectural; but doubtless at whatever time after creation, or at whatever stage of evolution, man first learned to distinguish good and evil and to speculate upon the sources of things deemed good or evil, some malevolent being was imagined as the instigator of sin and the author of all calamities, and by some name unknown to us became the devil of that age and people.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to trace the devil-idea through its earliest history; and so with this brief allusion to its antiquity we pass at once to the consideration of its latest personification in *our* devil, — the personal, scriptural devil of Christendom,— and propose to sketch his rise and fall.

If in doing so we shall seem to lack that spirit of reverential awe with which the mention of his name appears to inspire some persons, and shall thereby bring a shiver of apprehension to any of our hearers, it may reassure them to remember that to him the abuse of mortals is the sweetest flattery. If therefore we should bring against him the most serious charges of immorality and openly impugn his motives, we should only gratify his vitiated pride without increasing his hostility; but lest we seem thereby to be doing him a willing kindness, it may be well to exorcise him at once and put him out of hearing, — which is easily done.

Luther, who was far too intimate with him, — a great deal more so than any modern reformer professes to be, — discovered that he could not withstand humor.

Whenever in his controversies with the devil he found argument and Scripture unavailing, he would say: "Devil, if, as you say, Christ's blood, which was shed for my sins, be not sufficient to insure my salvation, can't you pray for me yourself, Devil?" and this suggestion never failed to terminate the interview.

We do not pretend to the sparkling humor of Luther; but we feel assured that the little pleasantries which may escape us will be equally efficacious to disgust the devil and drive him hence.

Leaving out of consideration all other devils who play their parts in the many strange religions of the world, and confining ourselves for the present to that one who is supposed to devote himself especially to the torture of Christians, let us inquire, with all the air of making a new acquaintance, who is he? One will answer, he is Satan, the rebellious and fallen angel, the foe of God and man, who has been since the world began. Another will say, he is the last edition of a myth which in their ancient history the Jews called Satan; and still another, he is Ahriman of the old Persians, re-christened by the Jews and re-habited by the Christian fathers. Let it suffice our purpose, however, that he is a being,

real or mythical, with a history, an influence, and a destiny which challenge our interest.

If we attempt to depict him by reference to human testimony, we shall present but a vague and confused image. He has been credited with the power of a god and the pettiness of a babe, the wisdom of a sage and the folly of a fool, the cruelty of a pestilence and the malice of a slanderer. In person he has been represented as an Apollo and as a monster. He has been assigned the horns and hoofs of a goat, the tail of an ape, the tongue of a serpent, the wings of a bat, and every complexion possible to flesh or ghost. By comparison the sea-serpent is a type of constancy in form, the chameleon a standard of color, and the moods of a woman are unvarying as the seasons. But on one point all writers agree. He is old, crafty, and energetic "to a fault," in extending his acquaintance.

His early history is involved in obscurity. The garden of Eden, the grave of Adam, the landing-place of the ark, — each of these spots has been located with amazing accuracy in a dozen places, but the birthplace of the devil is still unknown; nor is the date of his birth clearly proven.

The common belief, which regards him as identical with the Satan of the Old Testament, is content to find him ready-made in the beginning — the very beginning, before the heavens and the earth — and connects him with the human

race in its infancy by supposing that in the form of a serpent he introduced sin into Eden; but as to where he acquired sin — whether he invented it or it produced him — there is scarcely a theory held with confidence. Such questions are by common consent relegated to the domain of the too abstruse.

If, however, we turn to the Old Testament we shall find little to justify this belief. The name "Satan" signified in the Hebrew an "adversary" or an "accuser;" and this is the sense in which we find it used in the old Scriptures.

The first mention of Satan occurs in the First Book of Chronicles, where it is written that "Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel." Read this, however, in connection with the first verse of the 24th chapter of Second Samuel, — "And again the anger of *the Lord* was kindled against Israel, and *he* moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah," — and it will appear that if it was Satan who provoked the act it was in furtherance of the Lord's purpose.

In the first chapter of Job we read: —

"6. Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

"7. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From

going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

"8. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

"9. Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?

"10. Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

"11. But put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

"12. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

Here we have Satan introduced as one of — or among — the sons of God. He comes from going to and fro in the earth, not apparently on any evil mission, but as a member of the spirit band sent forth to patrol the earth.

This idea is not altogether fanciful. It is supported by a vision, as well authenticated as the words we have quoted, of which we may read in the first chapter of Zechariah: —

"8. I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom; and behind him were there red horses, speckled, and white.

"9. Then said I, O my lord, what are these? And the angel that talked with me said unto me, I will shew thee what these be.

"10. And the man that stood among the myrtle trees answered and said, These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth.

"11. And they answered the angel of the Lord that stood among the myrtle trees, and said, We have walked to and fro through the earth, and, behold, all the earth sitteth still, and is at rest."

In the one hundred and ninth Psalm we find the passage: —

"Set thou a wicked man over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand."

And in the third chapter of Zechariah we read:

"1. And he shewed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

"2. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

These, we believe, are the only passages in which "Satan" is used as a proper name in the Old Testament; and we have quoted them at length, as they furnish the only scriptural basis for the belief in Satan as a personal being prior to the Christian era, or for the later belief that he was identical with the devil of our theology.

It is apparent, however, that the characteristics here given to Satan, and his relation to the divine government, as a sort of prosecuting attorney in the Court of Heaven, are widely different from those of his successor. It is probable, however, that we have in this Satan the first conception of that personified evil principle which under various modifications has survived to the present day in the devil-myth of our theology; and upon this supposition we examine the record further to ascertain, if possible, whether the existence and office of Satan may reasonably be predicated upon the authority of divine revelation, — such authority as the Church assumes for the Mosaic account of the creation.

In the first place, we observe that none of the passages quoted are found in the Pentateuch, — the so-called Books of Moses, which are now commonly believed by critics to have been composed from four to eight hundred years after the time of Moses, and reduced to their present form in the reign of Josiah, or about six centuries before Christ. This omission of Satan in the books of the law and the story of creation is presumptive evidence of the fact that he was not known to Moses either by divine revelation or by human tradition; whether we assume that the books attributed to him were written by him or constructed substantially out of material furnished by him; and a little study of the chro-

nology of the books in which Satan is mentioned will serve to strengthen this conclusion, and fix, approximately, the date of his appearance in the Jewish history.

Thus we shall find that Zechariah was not written until the time of the Captivity, or later; that the First Book of Chronicles was written, very probably, though not certainly, about the same date; and that the one hundred and ninth Psalm belongs to a still later period, after the return from the Captivity; while the Book of Job, concerning the authorship and date of which comparatively little is known, is assigned by modern critics to a later period than the Pentateuch.

We find, therefore, that all of these books, with the possible exception of Job, were written after the beginning of the Captivity, — by which we mean, of course, the long, or seventy years', captivity in Babylon; and that Job, if older, may have been written after the earlier and minor captivities of the Jews, and, like the others, with a knowledge of the Persian traditions. Indeed, it is said to have been the universal belief of the Jewish and Christian Church till the fourth century that the Old Testament was a compilation made and published by the prophet Ezra, or Esdras, some time after the return of the Israelites from the Babylonish Captivity. And so we are led to the conclusion that the Satan-myth, like certain fables in Genesis, was derived through

the Persians, nearly a thousand years after the time of Moses, from sources not related to the God of Christian theology.

Thus we find in Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies" a tradition of the manner and order of creation, very similar to the account in Genesis, which was held by the early Chaldeans probably more than twenty-three centuries before Christ, and nearly two thousand years before the earliest date now given by critics for the writing of Genesis, and from which Niebuhr says the Mosaic account was clearly drawn. So we find current at the same time the story of the flood and the ark, the building of the tower, and the confusion of tongues.

In Media, as shown by the earlier portions of the Zendavesta, the doctrine of evil spirits, or "devas," was held long before the time of Moses. These "devas" were represented as "numerous, artful, malicious, inventors of spells, and deceivers and injurers of mankind;" though as yet no account was given of their creation or of the origin of their wickedness, nor was any single superior intelligence or spirit of evil placed at their head. Later, however, in the dualism of the Zoroastrian system, we find Ahura-mazda, Ormuzd, or Ormazd, the Prince of Light, and Angro-mainyus, or Ahriman, the Prince of Darkness, — leaders of the opposing forces of good and evil. Ahriman created a band of evil spirits called devs, the

most powerful of which was an immense two-footed serpent. After the creation of man, Ahriman, as a serpent, tempted him to eat forbidden fruit, and sin thereby entered the world. A redeemer was to be born, of a virgin, who would subdue the devs, raise the dead, and hold a final judgment. Ahriman and his devs would be plunged into a lake of fire for purification, and ultimately pardoned. Here we have the story of the temptation in Eden current among the Medes at a date which critics place from eight to twelve centuries before Christ and long before the Babylonish Captivity or the writing of Genesis; and here too we find at least a plausible explanation of the statement in Genesis that the tempter was a serpent — no mention being made of Satan — and of the puzzling curse which was put upon him. The serpent was cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field, and doomed to crawl thereafter, as if he had theretofore known another manner of locomotion; which may be explained by the Median tradition that the tempter appeared as a serpent having feet.

In like manner we find in one of the passion-plays of India, as described by Conway in his "Demonology," Harischandra, the good and just man, sorely tried and tempted by Viswamitra, the powerful and crafty one, who acted under authority of Indra; or the drama of Job, constructed from legends of great antiquity, which,

if not older than the Book of Job, may at least be assumed to have a different origin.

By this reference to the traditions of other peoples outside of the Jewish history, by comparison of the dates assigned, and equally by consideration of the internal evidence of the Scriptures, it seems that we may safely conclude that the Satan-idea was borrowed by the Old Testament writers from foreign traditions; and conceding this as the origin of the Christian belief in the Prince of Darkness, we may confidently say with Conway that "the devil was theologically born in Persia about the year 900 B. C.," although we should incline to fix the date one or two centuries later.

But whatever doubt may exist concerning the appearance of Satan in the Old Testament, it is certain that in the beginning of the Christian era his reputation had somewhat changed, and he came to be regarded by the Jews as a being possessed of the special powers and propensities thereafter assigned to the devil. He is variously mentioned in the New Testament as "Satan," as an "old serpent," "the Prince of this World," "Beelzebub," "the Prince of Darkness," "the wicked one," and by many other titles. He was recognized as the powerful, wily, and malicious enemy of God and man. He no longer figured as the prosecutor in the heavenly court, an agency in the divine plan of government, but

had become the irreclaimable rebel, bent on anarchy; and if the narratives of the New Testament are to be literally, or even substantially, credited, the devil of that time was a real person, or at least had the power of assuming the form and speech of man, and had the singular habit of entering into and taking possession of man and beast, which he accomplished not in his own person, but by means of imps, demons, or deputy-devils of diminutive size.

It is written that he tempted Jesus with words and sophistries; that he took him to a mountain-top and to a pinnacle of the Temple; and that he was addressed by Jesus, — the whole narrative giving to each the same distinct personality. And even the imps or sub-devils were apparently personal beings, as may be concluded from various narratives concerning them.

That Jesus himself believed in the personal existence of a devil, or devils, is not clear. The record of his words and works was not written by him, nor (with the possible exception of the Fourth Gospel) by one who heard or saw him.

Greg, in his "Creed of Christendom," after a careful review of the evidence and the arguments of modern critics, reaches the conclusion that the first three Gospels "are compilations from a variety of fragmentary narratives and reports of discourses and conversations, oral or written, which were current in Palestine from thirty to forty years after the death of Jesus."

Matthew Arnold concludes that "the record when we first get it had passed through at least half a century or more of oral tradition, and through more than one written account;" while many critics date it from the latter part of the second century, or later. Under these circumstances we can appreciate the difficulty which Arnold experiences in criticising the Evangelists, of determining "what in their report of Jesus is Jesus, and what the reporters."

We know, however, that the people to whom Jesus spoke were firm believers in the personality of the devil; and it is probable that he spoke according to their belief, not purporting out of divine knowledge either to confirm or refute it, for we find him referring to Mammon, recognizing the power of their prophets to work miracles, and adopting the prevalent belief in the approaching end of the world.

That the general teaching of the Jews on the subject of evil possession was similar to that of our forefathers of two centuries ago may be shown by reference to the miracles wrought upon demoniacs. Thus, according to Matthew, Jesus met two men possessed with devils, and was about to relieve them, when the devils besought him that if they were to be cast out of the men, they might be suffered to enter into a herd of swine near by, which was permitted them; and straightway the swine ran into the sea and were drowned.

In the story according to Mark, there is but one demoniac, but the devils in possession are a legion, and the swine about two thousand in number; while in Luke the swine are said to be many, but not numbered. By these several narratives, notwithstanding their trifling discrepancies, we are led to important conclusions touching the devils of that day. They were small; for otherwise, whether in fact a legion (about six thousand), or only sufficient in number to supply the herd of two thousand swine, they could hardly have dwelt in the spare room of a single man. They were gregarious, since they lived in such communities. They spoke the language of the country, inasmuch as they conversed with men; and they had decided preferences as to their environment, though as to their taste in selecting swine for a habitation, after trying man, there may be some question.

Now in all these respects — in respect of their size, social instincts, lungs, vocal organs, and brains — these devils are like those of more modern date. Thus, a thousand years later, Saint Dominic punished a heretic by causing him to be invaded by a troop of fifteen thousand devils; Zwinglius insisted that Luther was "tenanted by a whole troop of them;" and we have read of a later instance in which a poor woman was possessed of seventy-five thousand of these creatures, who by their united efforts so affected her daily

walk and conversation that she was commonly said, with apparent reason, to be "full of the devil."

In like manner it would be easy to prove that these devils have in all ages been excellent linguists. Cotton Mather, in his interesting experiments with the devils which possessed the Goodwin children, found that they understood English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and although he noticed that one inferior language, probably some Indian dialect, seemed to confuse them, this was probably due to his bad accent.

It is contended by critics that the word which is translated "devil" in the New Testament means "demon," and that the notion of evil possession had its origin in the demonology of that period and not in the Satan-myth of the early Scriptures. This is very probable; but it is evident that upon the decadence of the demons their imps, or sub-demons, were adopted by their successor, the devil, and that he has been, through succeeding ages, accredited as their master and the responsible author of witchcraft. A witch who could not boast a solemn compact with him and show his private mark might succeed well enough to be burned, out of extra caution, but could hardly escape the suspicion of fraud.

Having now considered the devil in his infancy, let us advance to the period of his prime; and this brings us, with only a stop or two by the way, to the seventeenth century.

During those dark and middle ages when ignorance and superstition hung over the world like clouds that obscure the day, when a crafty priesthood hoarded the meagre learning of the times, the devil was growing apace, but he was yet immature. He was as active, restless, and mischievous as a growing youth of his propensities could be, and from time to time he drew to himself the serious attention of the world; but he was not yet fully understood in his personal character or his relations to the divine government. Thus, on one occasion in the eleventh century, according to Matthew of Westminster, the devil having been outwitted by a certain priest, Palumbus, stretched his hand forth toward heaven and said, "O Almighty God, how long will you endure the wickedness of the priest Palumbus?" And "the priest, Palumbus, when he heard the complaint which the devil addressed to the Lord respecting him, knew that the end of his days was at hand. On which account he amputated all his limbs with a knife and so died in wonderful penitence, having confessed unheard of crimes to the Pope, in the presence of all the people."

But about this time the devil began to assume that definite position in theology which he afterwards held. Draper says that Christianity in its earlier days knew little of the doctrine of the atonement; that it was not admitted by the Alex-

andrian theological school; that Tertullian did not mention it in his Apology; that it was never prominently advanced by the fathers, and was not brought to its present importance until the time of Anselm; that Philo Judæus treated the story of the fall as symbolical, and Origen regarded it as an allegory. If this is true, it was not until the eleventh century that the serpent in Paradise became an essential factor in the great problem of original sin and possible redemption. And not until a century or two later did the superstition with which the human mind was saturated manifest itself especially by the delusion known as witchcraft. From that time, the terrorism exercised by the devil over the Christian world grew steadily more despotic. The common people in their daily life saw him in each untoward happening, in sickness, accident, storm, famine, and each of the innumerable mishaps of their miserable lives. They knew themselves to be his predestined prey, and suspected each other of treacherous compact and diabolical service. If they sought refuge from their fears in the house of God, it was often but to experience still worse alarms; for there the implacable fiend who pursued them through life was set before their excited imaginations as their merciless torturer through all eternity.

This is perhaps the period to which Mr. Lowell refers in his late poem: —

> "Oh, happy days, when men received
> From sire to son what all believed,
> And left the other world in bliss
> Contented with bedevilling this."

In 1484 an edict was issued by Pope Innocent VIII., saying: —

"It is come to our ears that numbers of both sexes do not avoid to have intercourse with the infernal fiends, and that by their services they affect both man and beast, . . . that they blast the corn on the ground, the grapes of the vineyard, the fruits of the trees, the grass and herbs of the field." For these reasons the inquisitors were armed with the apostolic power and called upon to "convict, imprison, and punish," which they proceeded to do with great zeal and success.

In England witchcraft was made the subject of express statute in 1541 and 1562; and in 1604, early in the reign of James I., it was made a capital crime. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the belief in witchcraft was almost universal. The Church of Rome continued to teach the reality of the crime; and in England, Scotland, and America, Puritanism carried forward the delusion almost to the pitch of frenzy. Not only did the devil by his imps possess and torment individuals and communities, but he personally appeared to many; while to all, substantially, he was as real a person as any robber or murderer convicted of crime. Luther saw him repeatedly.

He became so accustomed to his diabolical visitor that, when he was awakened by some disturbance and found it was *only* the devil, he felt relieved, and went to sleep again at once. He engaged in long arguments with him, and, if the black spot on the wall in the Castle of Wartburg is to be believed, wasted much ink on him. He was therefore, of course, a firm believer in the devil and all his works, especially witchcraft, concerning which he says: "I would have no compassion on these witches. I would burn them all."

Erasmus, and probably Calvin also, held the same belief; and in the next century we find its adherents among the greatest men of England. Sir Thomas Browne, who, curiously enough, had written an able work in exposition of popular fallacies, declared that all who doubted witchcraft were infidels and atheists. Coke was Attorney-General when the statute of James I. was enacted; and Bacon seems to have at least countenanced the views of the king on the subject. Sir Matthew Hale presided at the trials of thirteen witches who were convicted, and had no doubt as to the existence of the crime. Shakespeare introduced witches in his plays, and frequently recognized the popular belief in the devil and his mode of action. Thus Hamlet says: —

> . . . "The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil; and the devil hath power

> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
> (As he is very potent with such spirits)
> Abuses me to damn me."

Wesley believed in witches even long after the delusion had been generally abandoned. As late as 1768 he lamented the prevailing scepticism, and insisted that to give up witchcraft was in effect to give up the Bible; and surely the preacher of forty thousand sermons must have been accustomed to weigh his words with care.

In England the epidemic reached its height during the Commonwealth, and began to subside early in the Restoration, as the result apparently of no special action or revelation on the subject, but simply because the better minds became intolerant of the doctrine. Buckle says that in 1660 the majority of educated men still believed in witchcraft, and in 1688 the majority rejected it. The last judicial execution in England for this crime took place about 1716, and in 1736 the statute was repealed. In Scotland, however, the delusion prevailed to a later date, the trials and executions continuing until 1722; and Macaulay tells us that as late as 1773 the divines of the Associated Presbytery passed a resolution declaring their belief in witchcraft and deploring the general scepticism. The attitude of the Scotch clergy on this subject was most uncompromising. To them the devil was as real as man. They

saw him repeatedly in the form of dog or cat, old crone, idiot, paralytic, or sceptic, and traced his agency in sickness, sudden death, and all misfortunes.

Buckle, in the chapter entitled "An Examination of the Scotch Intellect during the Seventeenth Century," tells us that "whenever the preacher mentioned Satan the consternation was so great that the church resounded with sighs and groans. . . . Not infrequently the people, benumbed and stupefied with awe, were rooted to their seats by the horrible fascination exercised over them, which compelled them to listen, though they are described as gasping for breath and with their hair standing on end."

In the opinion of these divines, the devil owed much of his power to his great experience. Thus one declares: "The acquired knowledge of the devil is great, he being an advancing student, and still learning now above five thousand years."

Another: "He knowes very well, partly by the quickness of his nature and partly by long experience, being now very near six thousand years old."

Another: "He being compared with us hath many vantages; as that he is more subtill by nature, being of great experience, and more ancient, being now almost sixe thousand yeeres old."

In America the executions for witchcraft were

confined to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and then, as in Europe, the delusion yielded to the gradual change in sentiment. During its prevalence some of the most distinguished men of New England were subject to it. Governor Winthrop presided at the trial of Margaret Jones in 1648, and signed the death-warrant. Cotton Mather, although vindicated by Mr. Poole against the charge of undue zeal in promoting the trials and executions, was a firm believer in witchcraft.

In his "Memorable Providences," published in 1691, when the craze was at its height in New England, he writes, —

"I am resolved after this never to use but just one grain of patience with any man that shall go to impose upon me a denial of devils or of witches. I shall count that man ignorant who shall suspect; but I shall count him downright impudent if he asserts the non-existence of things which we have had such palpable conviction of."

To illustrate the temper of the prosecutions in America, we cite a single case from the "Annals of Salem." On June 28, 1692, Rebecca Nurse was tried for witchcraft. "At first the jury could find no verdict against her. Even on their second return they had not found her guilty. When, however, they were in their places and she stood at the bar, they agreed on a verdict against her because she made no answer to some

interrogations about an expression which she had uttered." And she was hung shortly afterward.

It is well known that Milton complained that his wife would not talk enough, and that the taciturnity of wives has been the bane of matrimony ever since; but we believe this is the only case on record where a woman was actually hung for this fault, so characteristic of the sex.

We have shown that this madness was not confined to the ignorant classes; nor were its victims drawn wholly from the poor and lowly. The list embraces a bishop or two, clergymen, historical characters, as, for instance, Joan of Arc, men of all conditions, women, — especially the old and ugly, — children scarcely more than babes, and even certain animals, which were solemnly convicted as special agents of the devil; and the number of those who suffered is almost incredible. It is estimated that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries more than two hundred thousand persons were executed, mostly burned, for this crime in Europe, — one half of the number being assigned to Germany and thirty thousand to England; while Dr. Sprenger, in his "Life of Mohammed," estimates the number of such victims during the Christian epoch at nine millions, though we have found no data which seem to justify such a computation.

Of course many of the trials were farcical, the evidence being of the flimsiest sort, scarcely more

satisfactory to the legal mind than the famous test employed by the official witch-finder, Matthew Hopkins. He wrapped the suspected persons in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through a pond or river. If they sunk, it was a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared, — or if, as often happened, they were drowned in the process, their names were cleared, — but if they floated, they were deemed guilty and burned.

In some of the trials, however, especially toward the close of the prosecutions, the testimony was such as would have been convincing in any judicial investigation of that time. When judge and jury firmly believed in the doctrine of evil possession, the ill repute or uncanny aspect of the accused made a *prima facie* case for the prosecution; and when the poor tortured victim, crazed by superstitious terrors, was driven to confess the charge, and out of a distempered imagination to supply the usual background of meetings and compacts with the devil, conviction followed as a matter of course.

There is nothing in the whole history of witchcraft which shows so clearly, to us of a later age, the utterness of the delusion and its stupefying effect upon the ordinary mind, as the frequency and sincerity of these confessions. And yet to the prosecutors they must have seemed the most

conclusive evidence. So, too, the long and almost universal prevalence of the delusion must have given to them assurance of its vital truth. In short, there is no miracle of the Church, nor any tenet of her faith, which, tested by the common rules of evidence, was more fully and variously proven than this doctrine of evil possession. It was older by uncounted centuries than Christianity, and had been held in substance by almost or quite every people known to history. It was taught by the Bible and by the Christian Fathers, believed to be sanctioned by the Lord, and under its sway millions had perished. It was attested by multitudes of living witnesses, and even by the dying confessions of its victims. Was ever supernatural thing so evidenced? And yet we find that within a single generation of men this madness which had held the world for centuries silently passed away. There was no violent or extraordinary revolution of thought, — no sudden emancipation of the mind by supernatural revelation, — but a gradual and general translation from superstition to common sense.

In reviewing the history of this march out of bondage, we have not found that those who held themselves the apostles of immortal truth were in the van. To the Church the movement was another passing of impious heretics to destruction, — a masterly manœuvre of the devil, who sought, by instigating the repudiation of himself, to lead

his dupes away from the proper basis of theology, — but the people listened to Montaigne, Voltaire, and Hobbes, those arrant meddlers with the ancient faith, and took the path toward intellectual liberty.

We have said that the devil reached his prime in the seventeenth century. At that time he was feared more than God was loved, — perhaps more than God was feared, though the more dreadful calamities were commonly ascribed to the wrath of God. At this time, too, Milton wrote his splendid absurdities called "Paradise Lost," in which he accredited Satan anew as the mighty archangel, the leader of heavenly hosts, the rebellious and unconquered foe of God, the proud spirit who found it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," the subtle tempter of man, the author of sin, and the absolute owner in fee of nearly all the souls that God had created for himself.

It was perhaps the proudest moment of his life; but he was approaching a crisis in his career. The belief in witchcraft died with the century, and from that time we trace his decline. But of course we do not mean to say that his overthrow was complete, or that his decline has been so rapid as to induce a confident hope that our generation will behold his final extinction. We refer to his fall as we speak of the close of the next century, — not doubting that time will

compass it, — but not as an accomplished fact; and of course we shall not assume to number his declining years. In the science of facts *in futuro*, a large allowance must be made for what may happen of its own accord, without deference to our plans; and so in predicting this event, a margin of a few thousand years in fixing the date is not an unreasonable demand. We concede that he is not yet dead; and although he has fallen into comparative decrepitude, the signs of the times indicate that he has not yet passed into the stage of "innocuous desuetude." When the world ceased to believe in the peculiar diabolical manifestations known as witchcraft and to burn people for impossible crimes, it certainly crippled the old adversary, but failed to drive him from the field; just as, doubtless, the reformation of taste by which man learned to love his neighbor living better than his neighbor roasted, and ceased hunting him for food, marked a great advance toward spirituality, but did not utterly abolish the carnal appetites.

We have referred to the devil's position in the theology of past times. This position, though somewhat shaken, he still retains. There is a certain theological code, of pretty wide authority, which contains a statute of limitations for the protection of error, whereby it is forbidden to question a fallacy after it has attained a certain age. In this theology the devil still plays his

part as the responsible author and promoter of sin in a world in which God has created everything, devil included, and governs everything, devil excluded, — a sort of animated firebrand let loose to search out combustibles; an embodiment of evil boldly confronting omnipotence; a scourge to quicken love; a puzzle even to priests and elders. He still serves the purpose of the rousing exhorter, and we continue to pray in good set terms for deliverance from his crafts and assaults. While it is becoming the fashion of orthodox churches to help their converts over obstacles by assuring them that it is really not essential to declare implicit faith in certain abstruse dogmas, there must be more concession still — and it will come slowly — before the devil can be consistently ignored. The dualism of Zoroaster may sometime die out of Christian theology; but not until much of theology shall die out of Christianity, — not until the Church shall dare to doubt her Fathers and the premises which make an insatiate devil and pitiless God twin sequences. This change is probably not imminent, for the Church is conservative. She dearly loves the changeless vestments of her ancient faith, her solemn liturgy whose words have syllabled the praise and prayer of ages, and wisely looks askance at innovation. And yet she moves. Once she held the earth flat, the sun a nimble satellite, the universe still young, and man a thing

of yesterday, because of words written by unknown hands, in days unknown, of things misunderstood; but now she acknowledges the antipodes, appreciates the sun, and grants antiquity to earth and man. The fires of hell were kindled by the torch of superstition more than two thousand years ago, and the Church for nearly as long has pointed out the lurid flame to trembling sinners; but now this hell of fire is an *ignis fatuus* of her past, and even the name, once so potent, gives place to "sheol," which conveys to the modern mind nothing more definite or terrible than "Hades" or "Tartarus," "Orcus," "Gehenna," or the "dark Plutonian shore." And so the day may come when she will put away her inscrutable dogmas and study the soul, the great problem of life, as science studies her lesser problems. When this is done, she will remember that history is older than Christian dogma, and ethics older than recorded history. She will recall the ages that stretched forward to the birth of Christ, — a period in which historic time is but a day, — the splendid achievements of that former time, the morals of Buddha and Confucius, the refinements of Egypt and Greece, and even the meditations of heathen philosophers on the great phenomena of life and death. The human mind, which has been the cradle of errors innumerable, must be regarded as also the source of revelation. No messenger from heaven or

supernatural miracle came with the eighteenth century to prove the fallacy of witchcraft. The human intellect wrought out for itself the correction of its error. No voice from the great keeper of secrets came to tell the world that in the earth or spaces of the air waited a messenger swift as light to carry words around the world, or that out of fire and water might be summoned a tractable giant, or to explain the law of gravitation or any principle of science. God stored away the facts and left the human intellect to find its clews and make discovery; and if so strange and improbable a thing should happen as that the problems of the soul should ever be fully solved for the benefit of men on earth, the solution will come, not from the clouds, but as the product of human thought — perhaps the slow result of studious ages — perhaps the intuition of some extraordinary genius.

But putting aside the devil of theology, how is it with the devil as a practical influence? Is he dying? Will he revive? Shall we measure the remnant of his life by years or by centuries?

It must appear, to all who care to observe, that superstition has still a strong hold upon the imagination. Let us consider our own people, who certainly possess more than the average intelligence and common-sense of the world; and if we leave out of account the most ignorant classes, black and white, to whom witchcraft is still a faith

and terror, it is yet safe to say that a majority will still be found to have a secret or professed faith in the supernatural. It is still a common thing to say of some wretched criminal that he is possessed of or controlled by the devil, instead of saying that he is possessed of a criminal or besotted ancestry and controlled by his heritage of animalism, ignorance, poverty, and vicious associations; and there is still a lurking dread of occult influences. The belief in lucky days and numbers, dreams, omens, charms, and horoscopes attests the fact. Doubtless many a fair maiden of our acquaintance, conscious that her natural charms are not of the repellent sort, arms herself against the ghostly enemy by wearing a horse-shoe on her chatelaine or a cherub's wish-bone in her bodice. But we are able to support our proposition by evidence much more direct and conclusive. Nearly every community has its circle of spiritualists, many of whom are persons of education and marked intelligence, who sincerely believe that they are visited by the spirits of the departed. Certain of them profess to be able, by reason of some peculiarity of organization or temperament, to establish communication with the spirit-land, to do by ghostly assistance things otherwise impossible, to discover secrets, to predict coming events, to advise with superhuman wisdom, and even to materialize their disembodied visitors and make them seen and felt. Without

stopping to discuss at length the so-called phenomena of spiritualism, let it suffice that they have provoked the careful investigation of non-believers, even scientific men, and that among those who reject the claims of the spiritualists there are many who are puzzled to explain the manifestations they have witnessed without conceding the possibility of spiritual agency; and it needs no argument to show how easily one may slide from the belief in a trance-medium into the real old-fashioned doctrine of witchcraft.

So in the healing art the reliance upon mysterious powers is very common. One person wears a red string about his neck as a safeguard against colds or rheumatism; another puts his faith in the egg of a black hen laid in the full of the moon. A few years ago it was believed by a large portion of our people that blue glass possessed the remarkable power to convert the sun's rays into a quick remedy for all diseases; and to-day an equal number of our best people, many of them thoughtful and critical minds, honestly believe that one person may find in the will or concentrated thought of another, without recourse to medication or hygiene, a cure for every ailment from a broken heart to a bald head. Of course the advocates of the mind cure will defend it, without resort to magic, by reference to known phenomena of mind and matter, — perhaps in accordance with Bacon's

theory that sympathy might cure warts; but on the other hand may it not be — just possibly — a survival of orthodox witchcraft? It is well known that in old times there were divers sorts of witches, some wholly and ostentatiously wicked, and others ostensibly good. These later were known as "white witches." They came to the sick and healed them without drugs or fee; but it was generally understood that the patient was thereby put under such obligations to their master the devil as no man could safely discharge.

As this subject is one of practical and growing importance, let us call up a very wise and pious man who studied it two hundred years ago, and examine him as a sort of diabolical expert. The Rev. Increase Mather, in his "Remarkable Providences," published in 1684, says with reference to these irregular healers: —

"Let such practitioners think the best of themselves, they are too near akin to those creatures who commonly pass under the name of 'white witches.' They that do hurt to others by the devil's help are called 'black witches;' but there are a sort of persons in the world that will never hurt any; but only by the power of the infernal spirits they will unbewitch those that seek unto them for relief. I know that by Constantius his law black witches were to be punished, and white ones indulged; but Mr. Perkins saith, that the good witch is a more horrible and detestable

monster than the bad one. Balaam was a black witch, and Simon Magus a white one. This latter did more hurt by his cures than the former by his curses." And again, "The persons thus recovered cannot say 'The Lord was my healer,' but, 'The Devil was my healer.' Certainly it were better for a man to remain sick all his days, yea, (as Chrysostom speaks), he had better die than go to the devil for help."

It seems to have been as dangerous in that time to be healed by a white witch as in these days for one who has succeeded in growing up under the regular practitioner to be cured by the white pellets of homœopathy. Better die of a drug-store than live without medicine.

Of course we do not pretend that this is real witchcraft; but if we admit that one person may by his will remove the disease of another, it will be easy enough to believe he may in like manner produce disease in another; and under the old law this would make him a witch.

Such considerations lead to the conclusion that the faith which found expression in witchcraft has never been wholly abandoned; but even if it had been, we should hardly feel secure from its recurrence.

Darwin tell us that men sometimes, by what he terms "reversion," reproduce peculiarities of a remote ancestor. Thus, for example, if Mr. Smith of the last century was differentiated by a

blue nose, his great-grandson, Mr. Smythe of to-day, may be similarly distinguished, notwithstanding an intermediate line of white or red noses; or, if the Englishman of the seventeenth century devoutly believed in witches, some true Briton may be born to-day in Boston who shall grow up in the same belief. And so there is some ground for apprehension lest our people — our best people — may discover that witchcraft was "Early English," and revert to it. Or, if we reject the term "reversion" as Darwinian and therefore wicked, let us regard the same idea under cover of the goodly word "revival." Tyler demonstrates in his "Primitive Culture" that witchcraft, far from being a product of mediævalism, was a revival from remote days of primeval history; that prior to its revival in the thirteenth century it suffered a decline almost to extinction. So also spiritualism in this century is, "in great measure, a direct revival from the regions of savage philosophy and peasant folk-lore." "Planchette" was known in Europe in the seventeenth century, and revived in America within our times; while the mind-cure is but a recurrence of that intermittent fever of the popular imagination which may be said to be congenital with the race. Who knows what fashion of devil, worn and discarded by some former age, we may live to see revived by ours?

There is yet another source of danger which a

lofty sense of duty, rising superior to all considerations of personal safety, constrains us to mention. Plato tells us, and it was contended by the Alexandrian school and is now admitted by modern science, that there are *women* in the world. And what is woman? Solomon says that to understand her is the beginning of insanity, or something to that effect; Cato declared that "if the world were only free from women, men would not be without the converse of the gods;" meaning, doubtless, that the gods might then be *heard*.

Chrysostom pronounced her "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill;" and the long history of the strained relations between earth and heaven shows that woman was implicated, if not wholly in fault. According to the rabbinical legend Adam was twice married; and it is a fact well known in the family, but seldom mentioned, that his first wife, Lilith, having quarrelled with him on the question of headship, ran away with a person of dubious character and strong sulphurous odor; and when her successor, Eve, saw the snake in the garden, did she step on him as a right-minded lady would naturally do? Alas! far otherwise. Painful as it is to criticise the conduct of our own mother, we are bound to say that if upon this occasion she had treated the devil according to his character

and personal appearance, instead of taking his advice with a deference due only to archbishops and lawyers, he would probably have turned his attention to the inhabitants of some other planet and left man as he found him, — only a little lower than the angels, and far more interesting.

Now, without going so far as to impute her action to inherent naughtiness or a desire to make trouble in society, we may at least suppose that she was over-credulous, and that this weakness has made others of her sex the especial objects of similar attacks ever since. Was not the Witch of Endor a woman? Were not the victims of the witchcraft prosecutions almost all women? Are not the women of to-day constantly imposed upon by masculine romance in a way that makes Eve seem wary and suspicious? And, finally, is there not in woman a subtle witchery that no man shall gainsay or withstand? Does not man love her more than anything else in the world — except himself — and trust her more implicitly than even mathematics or natural laws? Let us remember also that woman is numerous. The census embraces millions of her. ("Happy rascal!" a Frenchman exclaims.) In New England she is said to exist in the proportion of one woman to seven-eighths of a man. And yet she has been held in subjection by this fractional tyrant, who has forbidden her to vote, or to go to war or Congress. Let us then suppose that after a time she wearies of

bondage and dreams of revolt; and that in that fatal hour the tempter shall persuade her that a little punishment and discipline would improve the flavor of man and do him a real kindness; and it will be easy to imagine that, with the highest motives, those who now possess us only to our great content may be led to play the devil with us after the old fashion.

With all these tendencies and possibilities in view, we cannot say that the devil is dead, or even that he will never recover his pristine vigor. The world moves on, but not with equal pace. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" is the law of progress only in the dreams of youth. Experience traces the backward steps full easily. It was Tennyson the boy who "dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be," and saw no backward steps; but Tennyson the old man, "Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest," now writes of

> "Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
> And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud,"

and finds that "Progress halts on palsied feet," and bids us

> "Still remember how the course of time will swerve,
> Crook, and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve."

Who knows what backward flow may sweep us

once again into the gloom of long ago? Yet the world loves better the poet of youth and hope. Yet we

"doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

A TRIP TO THE NIPIGON.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB ON JUNE 3, 1889.

THE season is now at hand when we, like other good citizens, may lay aside those things which we are accustomed to call the burdens of professional and business life, and seek for recreation, each according to his taste, his means, or the needs of those for whose welfare he is most solicitous.

To one the mention of a summer vacation suggests some quiet spot in the country, perhaps by a pretty lake, with grass and shade for the children. In another it awakens recollections of the seashore and the sea, or the mountains, the forest camp, or the river and canoe.

And because the summer sun and soft air and the new foliage and flowers have set me to dreaming of summer days well spent and well remembered, I propose to tell this evening the story of how two friends escaped the heat and turmoil of the city and the weariness of daily life, and found rest and health and the keenest of pleasurable sensations in a Northern wilderness.

In July, 1878, a friend who had made several fishing trips to the rivers of Northern Michigan and the shores of Lake Superior, proposed to me an excursion to the Nipigon River, — a stream of considerable size flowing into Lake Superior from the north, somewhat noted for its wild scenery, and famous among sportsmen as the finest trout-stream in America.

At that time the Nipigon was difficult of access. It could be reached at long intervals by steamboat from Duluth, and otherwise only by a long and somewhat dangerous trip by sailboat. This fact, together with the time required, and the elaborate provision to be made in the way of camp outfit and supplies, deterred most sportsmen from attempting the trip. My friend, however, is, as you all know, a gentleman who delights in hard tasks, and is always ready to join in any difficult undertaking upon the sole condition that he shall be allowed to do most of the work; and knowing this peculiarity, I accepted his proposition and even assented to this condition. So without taking time to be assisted by me, he went ahead and made the necessary preparations.

By correspondence with the managers of a line of Canadian steamers running to Duluth, he arranged to have a certain boat take us at the Sault Ste. Marie, and land us at the mouth of the Nipigon on its westward trip. He then bought supplies, — flour, pork, canned meats, tea, coffee,

condensed milk, hard-tack, and other things too numerous to be now remembered, — and had them packed in boxes of a size convenient for carrying, each box being numbered and its contents recorded in a general index.

He also had his fine tents and camp outfit overhauled and put in order, superintended the purchase of fishing-tackle, and took thought concerning woollen socks, hobnailed shoes, rubber coats, mosquito-netting, needles and thread, and other details. In the mean time I was not idle. I talked about the importance of getting things ready, and strapped my own valise when it was packed.

Having thus prepared ourselves, we left Chicago on the 18th day of July, and proceeded by steamer to the Sault. Here we were compelled to wait a day for the boat which was to take us across Lake Superior; and while thus detained we fell in with a gentleman from Indiana, who was on his way to the North Shore.

He was a keen sportsman, and very anxious to visit the Nipigon; and as he seemed a companionable man, we invited him to join our party, which he was apparently very glad to do, and so together we embarked for Nipigon Bay, where we expected to get Indians and canoes for the river.

The next morning we awoke to find ourselves drifting in a dense fog among the islands of the North Shore, about fifty miles from the river.

The Captain had not taken this course for many years, and feared to proceed; and so, after waiting some hours in vain for the fog to lift, he proposed to steam out into the lake and make for Duluth. This, of course, meant for us a long detour, and the probable defeat of our plans, and therefore we induced him to return to a light-house, on one of the islands we had just passed, to enable us to inquire about other means of transportation. Fortunately we found on this island a band of Indians who had a sailboat, — an old and battered craft, but still staunch and large enough for our purpose, — and here we took leave of the steamer, and intrusted our selves and possessions to the guileless savages, who agreed for such and such moneys to carry us to the Nipigon.

Of this trip I will not stop to speak in detail, though it was not without interest and incident. Failing to make the run, as we had hoped, in one day, we were compelled to land on a rocky island and make camp for the night, — by no means a pleasant experience, as it involved a general unpacking and repacking of outfit, and the camp was a most uncomfortable one.

Our Indians, four in number, could not speak or understand English, and the sign language is not especially adapted to a dark night in a dense thicket; hence some confusion and a little profanity, — the latter being executed by the gen-

tleman from Indiana, but promptly forgiven by the gentlemen from Illinois.

The leader of these Indians was a tall, splendid fellow, silent and grave, with regular features and a thoughtful mien, — in marked contrast to the others. We grew to regard him with an admiration akin to awe; and even when it became apparent that he considered us but ordinary dudes and frivolous, we still admired him.

The next morning we reached Red Rock, the Hudson Bay Company's post at the mouth of the Nipigon, and after dismissing our crew, were interested to learn that our noble chief — he of the lofty countenance and serious eyes — was the most distinguished thief in all that Northern country. But still we admired him; and for days thereafter, especially on failing to find some useful articles formerly of our baggage, we would speak of him in terms of affectionate remembrance.

At Red Rock we engaged two large birch-bark canoes and four Indians, or half-breeds, to man them; and after purchasing from the agent further supplies for these men, and waiting for the canoes to be freshly gummed, we started early the next morning for our trip up the river.

My friend and I occupied one canoe, with two of the guides and part of the baggage, and the gentleman from Indiana took the other, with two guides and the remainder of the baggage.

Each canoe was large enough to carry a load of nearly or quite a thousand pounds, and yet so light as to be readily borne on the shoulders of two men at the portages. Each was fitted out with roughly made rowlocks and oars; but as a rule our Indians used the paddle, — one sitting at the stern and the other kneeling at the bow; we reclined amidships, propped up by rolls of blankets, travelling bags, and other soft impedimenta of the party. In the arrangement of our section, my friend displayed his usual energy and taste for the luxurious, and the result was a couch on which Cleopatra might have reclined in her favorite yachting suit with perfect comfort, — it was so smooth and soft.

By this achievement, and a long series of devices for my comfort, and incidentally his own, he won and retained the title of the Sybarite, by which he will henceforth appear in this truthful record.

During this first day's journey we made no attempt at fishing, having determined to push on as rapidly as possible to the better fishing-grounds of the upper river; so we had nothing to do but to enjoy the wild scenery and the novel pleasure of canoeing. Reclining at ease, the Sybarite with his baleful cigarette and I with my harmless pipe, we glided over the smooth water where the river widens into a pretty lake, or crept slowly along beneath the overhanging

branches of the trees, where the Indians laboriously held our boat up against the swift current in the narrows. The clear, bracing air, the changing beauties of rocks and trees, dark pools and tumbling rapids, the constant laughter and strange language of our guides, and our own bright anticipations of glorious sport ahead, — all combined to make this day delightful. The sense of freedom, the feeling that we were leaving far behind us the vexing cares of life, and above all the delicious intoxication of woollen shirts and soft hats, quite overcame us. We cracked jokes on the unheeding Indians, laughed long and loud at stories we had often heard in silence, and even sang songs, — that is, the Sybarite and I sang; but for some reason which I never could divine, the gentleman from Indiana, who at home was a teacher of vocal music and a singer of renown, did not join us.

Early in the afternoon we reached Camp Alexander, at the foot of the first portage, and made camp; or rather we left two Indians to make camp, and, taking the others and one canoe, forced our way a little distance up the river, with intent to catch some trout for our supper. This was easily accomplished.

In less than an hour we had taken as many trout as we dared to think of eating that night, and returned to find our camp in order and the kitchen fire waiting for our fish. The trout taken

here were small, running from a pound to a pound and a half in weight, but very numerous and eager for the fly. I find by reference to my notes that I used two flies and took five pairs, besides several single fish; and I am willing to admit that the Sybarite surpassed me, although it is not a fact.

Here we made the important discovery that our chief guide, François, was a capital cook. At least, he knew how to broil trout; and probably he discovered that we knew how to eat them. Here, too, we made the acquaintance of François's interesting family, which had followed us up the river in two canoes, and camped near us. This family consisted of an old squaw, two middle-aged squaws, and a lot of children.

The old squaw we took to be his mother, the other two his wives, or perhaps his wife and a visiting friend, and the children we classified as young Indians, without attempting to trace their parentage. We wondered how they had managed to ascend the river, and why they had followed us, but could get no explanation from François except that they were going somewhere.

We learned also that they were omnivorous, — at least, nothing in our larder came amiss to them, — and realized that a few days of their society would breed a famine in the camp. But after the pleasures of the day we were too complaisant to be easily disturbed by such reflections, and there-

fore enjoyed our evening about the camp-fire, and then betook ourselves to our tents and fragrant beds of balsam boughs, at peace with all the world.

The next day we made the long portage to the head of the rapids, carrying light loads ourselves and leaving the Indians to follow with the canoes and baggage.

As the distance was about two miles, and several trips were required, it was quite noon before the task was accomplished and we were again afloat, and nearly dark before we reached our camp at the lower end of Pine Portage.

François's family had started before us in the morning, and we found them encamped here, anxiously awaiting the arrival of our party and supplies; so we were relieved of all fear lest the trout we had taken *en route* should be wasted.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we started across the portage, and, after walking over a mile, took a narrow path diverging to the right, and followed it down a steep and heavily wooded hill to the river at a point called Hamilton's Pool, a favorite spot with those who fish the Nipigon.

Here the river, parted by a small island, plunges by short and broken rapids into a pool several acres in extent, near the centre of which the mass of waters divides into two strong currents, — one setting back along the shore to the entrance of the rapids, and the other sweeping down to the

outlet in the rapids below. At the head of the pool the water seems to boil up from unfathomable depths and then rushes and eddies around the great masses of rocks on the eastern shore.

On the western shore the land slopes down to a little meadow, by which the water is quiet and shallow and the bottom of smooth sand.

It was at this point that we approached the pool, and looking into the clear water beheld a sight which caused us to draw back and open our rod-cases with nervous haste. There, close under the shore, were a dozen fine trout, not one of them less than eighteen inches in length, and not a tree or tall bush near enough to interfere with the play of our lines.

We felt that this was our appointed day and hour, and each man jointed his rod and hastened to adjust his line, leader, and flies, as if his soul's salvation depended on his getting the first catch in that pool.

It was terrible. The selfish instinct, which generally lies dormant in such breasts as ours, was aroused, and all the evil passions of the human heart were getting into action, when the Sybarite, who had gotten into a tangle and fallen behind, proposed that we should wait until all were ready and then cast together. This was agreed to, and so we waited until he, noticing that we had put but one fly on our leaders, quietly noosed two on his, and then together we approached the bank and

made our cast. Each fly was taken as it touched the water, and four fish, securely hooked, darted out into the deep pool; and then there was the sight of leaping trout, the music of clicking reels, and the strain of the pliant rods for nearly half an hour, and then four beauties lying on the grass, and two plain men and the Sybarite standing over them and feeling that life is worth living.

These four trout were of nearly uniform size, and together weighed over nine pounds.

The sport so well begun continued until we had taken eighteen fine trout, weighing in the aggregate forty-four pounds, and then, our Indians having brought our baggage over the carry, we devoted ourselves to making camp, — which we did with especial care, as we had resolved to spend some days at this attractive spot.

While we were thus engaged, François's faithful family came trooping down the path and selected as a place of residence the immediate neighborhood of our kitchen and supply tent.

We felt that something must be done; and that evening we invited François to enter our presence, and proceeded to discuss the situation with him. For a time the fact that he understood but few words of the various languages at our command threatened to defeat the object of the meeting.

We tried English, in short words with panto-

mime accompaniments, but each reference to his family served only to call a proud smile to his puzzled face. Then the Sybarite bethought himself of French, which was supposed to enter into the language of these natives; but as he declined, even in such an emergency, to disguise his pure Parisian accent and idioms, the untutored savage merely drank in the music of his words, without the slightest comprehension of his arguments.

German he seemed to fear, and Latin quotations proved as ineffectual as all the rest. And yet we succeeded. In many tongues we told him that while we were naturally fond of female society and doted on children, yet we had come to this remote wilderness to see if we could live without such luxuries, and did not wish to have our experience interfered with; that it gave us, as mere humanitarians, exquisite pleasure to see his dear ones so happy with our provisions, but that while we did n't mind going hungry for a few weeks, we felt that we owed it to our own dependent families not to starve beyond a certain point on this pleasure-trip. And then, having thus fully explained our motives, we executed certain manœuvres in the direction of his flock which evidently convinced him of our unsocial desires; for the next morning the women and children had disappeared, and certain of our edibles were said to have been taken by wild beasts.

At this camp we spent a week, fishing in the

morning and evening, and reading novels, talking trout, and taking naps in the middle of the day.

The sport continued to be excellent; and we found it necessary, in order to prevent the taking of more trout than we could use, to limit the hours of fishing and to release all trout appearing to be under two pounds in weight.

Here is the record, as I find it in my notes, of my own experiences, on the third day of our stay at this pool. I read it, not in a vainglorious spirit, but because it serves to give some idea of the sport at this place, and especially because it supplies the description of a fight between a trout and a fly-rod which no such narrative should be without.

The next morning I arose early, and, leaving my companions asleep, took two of the guides with a canoe and went across the pool to try the early fishing by the other shore. I found the trout eager, and returned to camp before breakfast with a string of nine, averaging about two pounds. After breakfast we all fished, and at noon my catch had increased to twenty-five, and I felt constrained to stop for the day.

The others went out again, and I lounged in the tent with a novel; but I found the book not half so fascinating as the broad pool in front of me, on the further side of which I could see the Sybarite standing with bent rod and taut line try-

ing the mettle of some brave captive in the depths below; and finally, under pretext of trying a new fly of extraordinary hues which I had constructed, and feeling that I should be excusable in killing any fish that could be deceived by such a patent fraud, I took my rod and strolled alone, with my pipe and book, down the shore. Just below our camp was a large rock standing well out from the shore in the heavy current, and, making my way to this, I tried a few casts, but without getting a rise; so I lit my pipe, and, stretching myself on the rock, devoted myself alternately to reading my book and watching my friends in the canoes. Soon, however, I noticed the trout leaping, and determined to try again; and for some reason, perhaps for the purpose of trying my new fly in competition with the standard article, noosed a brown hackle in the leader above, and made a cast with the two flies.

As they settled lightly on the water, I saw the quick flash of leaping trout, and the next instant my reel fairly screamed, as the startled game rushed down the stream.

I could not tell whether I had hooked one fish or two, but I knew that I had never seen so strong a run as that. I tried cautiously to check it; but there was too much life and strength at the end of my line, and the slender silk flew through the rings until I had but a single layer on the reel and the fish had almost reached the

rapids below, in which such tackle could not have held for a moment. Now for the test of my little rod. I checked the line, and the slender bamboo took the strain and bent under it until it seemed that it must fly in pieces, but it held; and with struggles that sent a quiver through rod and arm clear to my shoulder, the gallant fish rose slowly to the surface just above the rapids, and, hanging there a moment, yielded to the rod and came slowly back.

I thought this furious run had exhausted the game, and reeled in with confidence; but after coming about fifty feet in a sullen, reluctant way, the trout made another rush, apparently as fresh as ever, but this time across the current. Again the rod won, and I received my line only to meet another run; and so the fight went on. In half an hour from the time I struck, one of the guides came down from the camp with a landing net, and I got in line enough to see that I had two fish, one well spent, but the other still strong, and it was some time longer before they could be safely brought to net. They weighed three pounds and two and one half pounds respectively, and were as fine and vigorous trout as I ever saw.

I then returned to the camp content to stop; my catch for the day being twenty-seven fish, weighing over sixty-two pounds.

Here we had a call from two gentlemen from Massachusetts who were going down the river.

They reported the fishing good at several points above, and the trout larger than in this pool.

These were the only white men we saw on the river, and we gladly entertained them with the best our camp afforded, and on their departure sent letters to be mailed by them in the States.

It was at this camp that the Nipigon mosquito, which had been enamoured of our persons ever since we reached the river, fairly outdid himself in acts of devotion, and impressed himself indelibly on our memories. He is a bird resembling the curlew in general appearance and bony structure, having a morbid thirst for blood and the *entrée* of every man. He is believed to be strictly carnivorous, and lives on the fat of the land. The only thing that checks his appetite for the human countenance is a thick coating of tar and oil; and the only objection to the tar and oil is that the odor clings to a man even unto the third and fourth generation.

After a week at this spot we broke camp and started up the river, intending to follow it to its source in Lake Nipigon, and hoping to find the traditional five-pounder without which we felt that we could never return to our homes.

We found the river narrower, and the rapids more frequent and difficult, but made good progress, and early in the afternoon camped about a mile below the Grand Chute at the head of the river.

Here we spent some days, making short excursions in our canoes to the rapids below and to the falls at Lake Nipigon, and seldom failing of good sport. On the occasion of our first visit to the falls, the Sybarite took a fine trout weighing five and one half pounds and measuring twenty-two and one half inches in length; and each day trout of four to five pounds were taken.

One day we carried a canoe around the falls and paddled about among the islands at the lower end of Lake Nipigon. This lake, which appears on the map as a mere dot, is about ninety miles long and sixty miles wide, and its outlet, the Nipigon River, is about thirty-five miles long, and is said to have a fall of three hundred and twenty-seven feet in this distance.

Our trip down the river was easily made. The paddles of our savage guides, aided by the swift current, bore us rapidly along, and in several places we shot the rapids, which in ascending the river we had carried around.

In this there was great excitement. The watchful guides, firmly braced at either end of the canoes, with paddles poised for the quick, sure stroke that was needed from time to time to guide the frail boat past hidden rocks, and hoarsely shouting to each other above the noise of plunging waters; the passing of the canoe; the dashing spray, — these things it is easy and pleasant to recall.

Had it not been for our perfect confidence in the skill of our boatmen, we should have felt that to shoot these rapids was about as dangerous as to shoot ourselves.

Having ample time to reach Red Rock before the steamboat which was to take us could arrive, we stopped from time to time at the pools and rapids and easily kept up our supply of trout.

One of these occasions I recall with mingled feelings of pride and shame.

At one of the portages, while the guides were engaged in transporting the boats and baggage, I left the party, and going to a little pool below the rapids made a few casts and soon succeeded in landing a fine trout, twenty-three inches long. I weighed him carefully, at once, for a fish loses weight in drying, and ought to be weighed promptly.

I was alone. No human eye but mine saw the figures on the steelyard. Then, as I walked back to my friends, knowing that they would admire my trout and immediately demand his weight, and feeling reasonably certain that they would take any statement as conclusive on that point, I was sorely tempted. I reflected that, ever since the episode of Jonah and his whale, strict accuracy had never been required of our race in fish stories, and that the best of men, even clergymen and presidents of literary clubs, had cultivated the habit of embellishing such narratives without

impairing their general reputation for veracity. I recalled a conversation with a certain distinguished member of this club, and how he told me that on the Matapedia he had hooked a fifty pound salmon through the left ear-lobe, and killed him after a thrilling contest of nineteen hours and seven minutes, and how, when I ventured to suggest that salmon were not ordinarily equipped with ear-lobes, he assured me that *that* was the curious thing about it, — that this was the *only* salmon ever seen with such appendages; and how I then gave it up; and I reflected that, notwithstanding such lapses from the straight and narrow path, this gentleman's word was commonly accepted when he spoke of the weather, or mentioned how he felt, or said what he would take, or in any of the ordinary concerns of life. I knew it was an axiom in anthropology that no man ever caught a big fish and told the exact truth about it, and I shrank from posing as a freak; and so by the time I rejoined my friends, the question of conscience was settled, and so I said the trout weighed just five pounds. I have repeated this statement at intervals for more than ten years, and all the time I have known that it was false. This will surprise you. I do not attempt to account for it; but being resolved no longer to bear about the heavy secret of this my first and only lie, I simply confess it, and take this occasion publicly to declare that the exact

weight of that trout was not five pounds, as I have heretofore insisted, but just *five pounds and a half*. This, however, is the only case in which I ever suppressed the truth about a fish to the extent of half a pound, though I always aim to be a little under-true.

We reached Red Rock in good season for the boat, and after paying off our guides and distributing the remnants of our commissary stores, took leave of the river, and finally reached Chicago after an absence of just a month, well satisfied with our outing and firmly resolved to repeat the trip another season.

Year after year we made our plans only to see them "gang agley;" but at last, seven years later, the Fates were propitious, and the Sybarite and I, having induced two other members of this Club to accompany us, revisited the river,—going this time by rail to Duluth, and thence by boat to Port Arthur, and thence, by the Canadian Pacific, to Red Rock. But the place was sadly changed.

Near the old post was a railway station with a telegraph office. Over the rapids just above was a great railway bridge. There were gangs of laborers at work along the track, and shanties near by, and the whole place seemed to suffer from the first rude touch of civilization.

We secured our guide and boat, and lost no time in starting up the river; and, once away

from the railroad and out of the white man's world, the old charm was upon us, and again we knew the happiness of cloudless, careless days and dreamless nights.

Suffice it to say of this second trip that while good fellowship and rare weather and fair sport made it most delightful, yet in some respects the conditions were less favorable than before. The railroad had made the river more accessible, and increased the number of visitors, not all of whom were true sportsmen.

We met one or two parties that seemed to have bought their supplies by the gallon only, and whose conception of a fishing trip was one long cheerful effort to slake the unslakable.

The river was unusually high, and at pools where before we had found abundant sport the trout would hardly take the fly. On the rapids, however, we succeeded better; and although the record of our catch on this trip is less in point of numbers, it shows larger trout and higher average weight than on the former visit. I find that we took seven trout of over five pounds, — the largest weighing six and a fourth and six and a half pounds respectively, — and to avert temptation from the other members of the party I will admit that I took the largest one myself, and that on this occasion I have given the full weight. One morning two of the party brought in a string of five trout weighing in the aggregate twenty-three

pounds. I give the weight as reported by these gentlemen, and believe it to be correct; for this was a rare occasion — and these gentlemen tell the truth on rare occasions.

This is a record which probably few Chicago sportsmen have surpassed. Mr. Mason, in his "History of the Original Town and Kinsie's Addition," speaks of the great trout which Marquette took in the rapids of the Chicago River; but there are those who dispute the trout and some who doubt the rapids.

THE BELL(E)S OF YALE.

DELIVERED AT THE SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CHICAGO YALE ASSOCIATION IN DECEMBER, 1868, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE BELL(E)S OF YALE."

("Sweet Evening Bells.")

THE toast evidently bears some distant reference to lovely women. But it is now getting late, and for brevity's sake I shall consider but a portion of the ladies of New Haven under this title, and for the same reason spare that profane committee-man who buttered my toast with a pun, leaving a possible doubt of my real subject.

"The Bell(e)s of Yale, — Sweet Evening Bells." We all remember them; and, fortunately, most of us remember the same ones. For though time tells upon all things, it tells very slowly upon some; and there are now some fair ones connected with the college, still apparently in the prime of life, still endowed with the same gushing affections and the same guileless belief in man, who have, to say the least, acquired an easement in the admiration of Yale men. It is they who are gracious to Freshmen in memory of

their fathers before them, and engaged to Juniors from force of habit.

Mr. President, I would not for one moment — not by one word — assail the fair fame of these budding flowerets, these perpetual roses, that skirt the path of learning to light it with their wayside bloom. I have too profound an admiration for their achievements and their chronic loveliness; too respectful a deference to the sorrows of their annual widowhood; too careful a regard for that bald head between us, reflecting the chandelier like a mirror, whose raven locks may once have known the gentle dalliance of their fair fingers. Rather, sir, they are entitled to the largest measure of our gratitude to-night; for they give half the charm to the recollections of our college days. There, in memory, are the same old walls, each the palimpsest rewritten with the histories of succeeding generations; the same old elms above them, still painting their shadow pictures on the walls; the same old bell that used to call us to the routine duties of the day; and the same old belles who used to summon us to the pastimes of the evening. They lived for a brief season in our affections, survived a *corresponding* period in *belles-lettres*, and then, for us, passed into memory. But doubtless, like Webster, they "still live," and, like Tennyson's New Year Bells, continue to "ring out the old, ring in the new."

But though, out of my veneration, and because of their distinctive title to the name, I have spoken of these first as the "Belles of Yale," there are others to be remembered. To an eye observant of the developments of nature and the effects of art, each year is fraught with some new belles; and perhaps it may have been your happiness to discover one of these, — possibly immured within the walls of that Elm Street "Nunnery" you all remember, or in other of the boarding-schools. Ah! my venerable brothers, has it never been your fortune, after having overcome all the obstacles of rules and regulations and established the necessary relationship, while seated within those sacred parlors, close by the object of your adoration, enjoying the delicious throes of ecstatic bliss, to have the presiding genius of the place appear before you in bodily presence and, with all the cold sublimity of an iceberg, — or an oyster, — proceed to disorganize things? Such things are common. Such things give a zest to the pursuit of learning. Or, possibly, the longings of your nature for feminine perfection were not satisfied by these formative divinities, with all their cultured emotions and accomplished feelings. Perhaps not within the broad confines of fair New Haven, but rather within the classic precincts and among the untrammeled beauties of Fair Haven was the paragon discovered. Such things have happened, and such happenings have

given birth to surprising results. I will here mention, for the aggravation of our older friends present, that a horse railway now connects the two cities, which lessens very materially the labor of loving an oyster-maid.

But, jesting aside, although there are some ludicrous reminiscences which the toast has sprung upon us, there is still occasion for a single word of serious sentiment. It is not possible that all of us have passed from matriculation to Commencement, enjoying the full advantages of our position, with our affections and social instincts enlisted and quickened by the sympathy of chosen friends, and our appreciation of the noble and beautiful in æsthetics and humanity alike developed by the process of our course, without some pleasant recollections to-night from a source outside the college walls. It is neither extravagance nor vapid sentiment if I imagine that in some of you to-night the call of my toast has awakened recollections that have slumbered for years, — has recalled a fair face almost forgotten till now in the exigencies of our later years ; the echoes of once familiar tones long silent amid the voices that fill our ears ; the vision of a girlish form almost obliterated by the nearer presence of those who make our homes and our social circles now ; and you start to find how little is forgotten. Her sympathy, her friendship, or her love, it may be, struck deeper than you knew, and she stands

forth so clearly in the retrospect to-night, — not as she may be now, the low-voiced matron of some home, but as then, the bright vision of an old-time hope, — that it seems to each as if the response must be made for her alone. And so, in brief, it is given. We 've touched our glasses to-night in honor of the girl whose face you saw in yours; whose tones you still remember in the words of kindly sympathy and timid praise that were more to you than you ever dreamed; in whose deep eyes you looked for inspiration once; from whose pure lips you took the sacrament of youth's religion.

OUR CLIENTS.

DELIVERED AT THE CHICAGO BAR ASSOCIATION BANQUET, ON DECEMBER 28, 1876, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "OUR CLIENTS."

IT is certainly fitting that upon an occasion when lawyers assemble to eat, drink, and be merry, there should be some remembrance of the clients. But just why it has fallen to me to speak to this toast I can hardly say, unless possibly your Committee considered that my limited knowledge of the subject would assure the brevity of my remarks. They forgot, perhaps, how hard it is to be short to a client — especially if he belong to us.

I suppose that ever since God called upon Adam, according to that respectable old story, to plead to the first indictment, by asking him "Hast thou eaten of the tree?" every nation has provided a forum of some sort for the settlement of human controversies and the punishment of crime. But just when the necessity of a vicarious appearance at the bar called the first lawyer and the first client into existence is a matter of deep obscurity. Certain it is, however, that the order of clients is an old one, and has brought

down with it from antiquity the sympathy of the world; for Luke says, "Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne." And to-day a man expects the same commiseration of his friends whether he submit himself to a lawyer or a surgeon.

Clients, however, have little sense of justice. They cannot even find out what it is without the aid of counsel, and half the time fail to recognize it when found and paid for. So we can perhaps afford to give them their conclusions and take a kindly interest in them. They should remember that in the Augustan Age the client was an inferior being dependent upon a patrician patron, — a sort of hereditary property, bound to contribute to his patron's support, to fight for him in war, and to vote for him. Alas! what a change has been wrought. They may have borne burdens in Luke's day, but they have a great many privileges now.

To the popular mind the most obvious relation between lawyer and client is the pecuniary one; and of course there is such a relation, and it has its importance. As the clergyman devotes himself to a life of faith and pew-rents, and the physician weds Science for the love of her and the dowry she brings, so we have robed ourselves as ministers in the Temple of Justice with an eye to the gate-money of the pilgrims. Our clients are right in supposing that we have this

interest in them; and they are at liberty to magnify it as much as they please, and as soon as they please to convert it from a mere expectancy into an estate in fee.

There is an old English theory that the advocate serves his client for love of justice and not for pay, — though he takes a sufficient present in advance, which, like attorneys' fees paid to members of Congress, has some remote connection with the service to be rendered, — and I am sorry to say that some of our clients seem to cling to this old English idea rather more tenaciously than we do.

It 's a great mistake. A lawyer is not a "casus omissus" in the law of compensation. He gives lore; he demands hire. If properly encouraged in the customary way, he can do almost anything. He can vindicate the integrity of a thief. He can "go to the country" without leaving the court-room. He can reach the feelings of a common-law judge or wake the dormant faculties of a jury. He fears no obstacle, from a receipt in full to the rule in Shelley's case; but he is invariably paralyzed by an "estoppel in pais."

I shall not attempt, Mr. President, to classify our clients. I would as soon undertake to classify the defences under the General Issue, or the Authorities on Negligence. But there is infinite variety. My brother Withrow's pet client, for instance, is a corporation. Now he may be able to preserve his rectitude in dealing with a thing all

pocket and no soul; but I don't believe I 'm honest enough to do just right by a client that I can't have the slightest apprehension of meeting in either department of the next world, after all that is hidden shall be made known. This is one of the reasons why I have refrained from being invited to represent railroads. And the other day in the Federal Court I saw one of our brethren engaged in defending fifty barrels of high wines; but whether he was actuated more by the prevalent desire to reform the Government or by love of his client, I cannot say. And, by the way, the fact that the Government, whenever it would take a little whiskey or tobacco, is compelled to submit the matter to a temperance judge and a jury of the good and true, ought to reconcile us to our lot as mere individuals.

Then there is the ministerial client, who is concerned about treasures in the wrong world, and invariably declines to profane his pulpit ethics by bringing it into business controversies; and the female client, with her many grievances, for which, we tell her with deep emotion, there ought to be some remedy, but is n't; and the eccentric client. I well remember the first client I ever had was of this class. He gave me a small note to collect. At that time, I believe, I realized fully and literally Lord Brougham's idea of the advocate. In the performance of my duty I knew that one client and none other; and, as Dr. Johnson says

a lawyer should, I did the best I could for him, and gave my attention to that case. I prepared a careful brief to prove that assumpsit would lie, and then brought suit and declared on that note till you could n't find a variance with a microscope. I hoped for success; but to my anxious mind the action was as purely speculative as the selection of a mother-in-law. Finally, by the ingenious device of taking default for want of a plea and swearing to a masterly computation of interest, I obtained judgment, which the defendant soon paid. Some time afterward I presented a modest bill to my client, and to my great surprise he insisted on doubling it; and, being a large and decided man, he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. Judging from my uniform experience in my one case, I then supposed this was a common custom with clients, and a thing likely to occur frequently. That was one of the errors of youth.

Then there is that unfortunate client who is periodically sacrificed by his attorney. I know a man who has been pretty uniformly unsuccessful in his cases, and explains how in each case he was "sold out" by his lawyer. I don't blame him so much for being sold out, but I do object to his betraying professional secrets in this way.

And we all know that wily and pestilent client whose pride of intellect fills him with a noble ambition to outwit his lawyer, and get his law for

nothing. When I think of that man, I feel there must be a sub-cellar in Hades.

And sometimes, Mr. President, there comes to our offices — and often, as I know, to yours, sir, — another client: some poor man, it may be, half starving for the want of the unpaid wages of his hard labor; or, perhaps, some ignorant, helpless widow, who has nothing in the world but a mean little home, where she is struggling in squalid poverty to keep her little ones together; and she must appeal to the law to save her even this. Some one has told her that you are good and wise, and she comes and asks for advice or assistance just as she might come to your door and beg for bread; and she gets it, and pays you with tears and prayers. Well, you have given to her hours that might have been coined into dollars. But you have laid away forever, in that yesterday that even God can't change, something that shall be riches to you hereafter, — a deed done not for Mammon, but because of the God within you. And so long as your heart shall be open to the sense of human kinship, you will sometimes be glad to put aside the consciousness of honors and plenty won for yourself, and turn to the sweet assurance that in that poor charity client's miserable home, hunger and cold pinch not quite so sharply, and sad hearts are a little lighter, because of your hand stretched out in the name of humanity.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

DELIVERED AT THE CHICAGO BAR ASSOCIATION BANQUET ON JANUARY 10, 1888, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "THE KING'S ENGLISH."

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN, — Your Committee having declined to assume any responsibility for what I might do this evening, I have been left to select my own topic; and I have chosen one which attracted me especially by its apparent elasticity. I propose to devote the few short hours which we may call our own, before this room will be required by the family for breakfast, to the consideration of a certain subject which, if not amusing, may perhaps be found instructive. But before taking up the more abstruse matters which I have in my mind, let me say a few words suggested by the admirable response made by Mr. Justice Magruder to the toast of the Supreme Court. I think we have all known for years past that this Court was doing its work under great difficulties, occasioned by the division of the State into three grand divisions; but I doubt if we have ever until to-night realized the full extent of its embarrassment, and of the burden put upon the

community by the present system. I regret exceedingly to learn from the last speaker that the obstacles to consolidation are such as neither the Court, the Legislature, nor the people at large can remove; but sooner or later the consolidation must be made, and I hope that some one will take enough interest in the matter to speak to Mr. Yerkes about it at once. I perceive that many of you are judges and the rest all leaders of the Bar; and so in addressing myself to the toast, I shall boldly assume that you have all heard of the common law of England, and of the manner in which we stole it from good King George more than a hundred years ago. At the same time we appropriated also the King's English; by which term I mean more especially that curious mixture of Latin and Saxon which by many generations of men, and with infinite pains, had been fashioned into the accepted phraseology of the law; and ever since then we lawyers have gone on selling the King's Law in the King's English, — old wine in old bottles, — and sometimes, it is said, we have sold more bottle than the wine actually required. I know of nothing in this radical age quite so conservative as the lawyer's adherence to the antiquated verbiage of the law, in spite of the fact that it is largely non-essential.

In former times, when a man's life, or the title to his property, might depend upon the spelling

of a Latin word, it was well to be cautious, and hardly possible to be too particular even with much repetition; but to-day a man may convey his land by a few simple written words, and a lawyer may file a wrapper in court and amend it to suit his case; and yet we go on compelling our clients to grant, bargain, sell, alien, remise, release, convey, and confirm their several pieces and parcels of land, with all the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances, rents, issues, and profits thereof, by formal documents with elaborate declarations and complicated covenants, and apparently for no other purpose than to impress the ordinary mortal with the learning of our craft. So, if a client desires to bring suit upon a contract, we first set up the contract in substance, then substantially, with a change of punctuation, then in *hæc verba*, and conclude with the common counts, just as if we did n't know what the contract was or whether we had any contract at all, but hoped to hit the mark somehow if we put in enough shot. Now, if I had a clerk who insisted on putting a dozen stamps on each letter just because he had the stamps and wanted to be on the safe side, I should urge him to go and die; and yet we regard with indifference the melancholy spectacle of young men trying to acquire the art of putting a dozen words in a two-word idea.

If the breath wasted by the present generation

of lawyers could be gathered into a single wind, it would polish the earth's surface smooth as the cheek of an apple. I know a single lawyer whose superfluous eloquence would furnish a fair sailing breeze. He has an automatic tongue and an inexhaustible reservoir of something which he calls argument; and perhaps it is, but when he rises in court and turns himself on, the judge soon begins to think of a certain recent discovery in the vicinity of Pittsburg, and wonders how they manage down there when they want to shut off the illumination.

In justice to the Bench it must be said that in this fault it does not rival the Bar. Judges will persist in repeating the time-honored formula, declaring that their only desire is to do right and administer the law impartially, but then, after all, there is sometimes a satisfaction in knowing what they are trying to do. The records of our courts, however, and even the rules of practice, lack somewhat the simplicity and brevity which would seem to befit them; as, for example, the familiar rule that if, after *nulla bona* returned, a testatum be entered upon the roll *quod devastavit*, a writ of inquiry shall be directed to the sheriff, and if, by inquisition, the *devastavit* be found and returned, there shall issue a *scire facias quare executio non de propriis bonis*, and if upon this the sheriff shall return *scire feci*, the executor or administrator may appear and traverse the inquisition.

But a change is coming. One after another the State legislatures have recently prescribed brief forms for conveyances, and about two-thirds of the States have adopted simpler systems of pleading and procedure.

Of course some objection is made, and chiefly by the older lawyers. They say that the old forms have been scrutinized and expounded by Bench and Bar for a century or more, and made intelligible. But, after all, this does not prove their superior excellence.

One might by long practice demonstrate the possibility of writing legibly with a fork, but it would not follow that a fork is the best pen to be had.

It seems to me that to insist upon clear, concise, and direct statements, arguments, and pleadings, will be to put a premium upon those intellectual qualities and that mental training which alone can fit men for high places in the law.

In a science which professes to deal with the substance of human acts and relations, useless words should be held to indicate a careless mind.

Nor does it follow that the present intricate procedure of the courts insures certainty in the result. If you will permit me, I will illustrate this by the story of a certain lawsuit, the first of any magnitude in which I had the honor to be engaged.

I was then reading law in an office in this city. In the same office was another youth who had just been admitted to the Bar. I will not name him, although he has since become eminent in the profession as general solicitor of the great Chewing Gum Trust, and other devouring monopolies, and ought not to be sensitive about his first efforts. A client of the office had a goat. It was not a Cashmere goat, but a plain, unostentatious animal, — a sort of cow-goat, that gave milk for its board. And one day this goat was killed by a neighbor, and the owner desired to bring suit for damages. The grown-up lawyers in the office hesitated to undertake the case, as they had never made a specialty of goat cases, and were suspicious of the animal under any circumstances; and so my friend and I offered our services and devoted ourselves to the construction of the declaration according to our somewhat immature theories of pleading. As the killing was clearly tortious, we commenced with a count in case; then, as the goat had gone to that "bourne from which no traveller returns," — gone to be set off against a sheep in the final decree of partition, and could not be restored in specie, — we drew a count in trover, setting up that our client had casually lost, and that the defendant had casually found, the said goat, and had converted her, and thereby become liable for the value of the unregenerate animal before conversion.

Then, upon the theory of an implied promise to pay for the goat, we added a count in assumpsit, and finally, as a matter of precaution, added the common counts for labor and material, moneys expended, etc. The defendant's attorney, a hard, technical man, utterly devoid of sympathy, and without compunction for the goat, demurred to our declaration, and after he had got it trimmed down to suit his taste, filed a set of pleas which seemed to me at the time to be somewhat inconsistent. He pleaded that the plaintiff never had a goat; that the plaintiff's goat died a natural death; that the goat committed suicide; that the defendant killed the goat in self-defence; that the defendant had paid for the goat; then he pleaded set-off, estoppel, the Statute of Frauds, and the general issue. Of course we took leave to reply double to each plea, and so the record grew; and when that case went to the jury, though I never could understand just how it happened, there was n't any goat in it at all, and the defendant recovered judgment against our client for an old wheelbarrow that we never had heard of before. This case may serve to show how justice may be mangled by her own machinery. And if we turn to Chancery we shall find about the same state of affairs.

If I meet a man on the street and he charges me with having robbed him by some breach of trust, I simply call him Ananias, he retorts that

I am a thief, and the issue is made up, and is clear, simple, and unmistakable; but if he carries the matter into court, his solicitor files a long bill in which he flatters the Court, proclaims his client an orator, and then proceeds in a dozen pages to recite my many wrongful acts; insinuates that sometimes I pretend one thing and sometimes another; declares that he well hoped I would do the fair thing, and is grievously disappointed in me; protests that the law is powerless to remedy such wrongs as his; and asks the Court to give him such relief as he may choose to pray for, and such further relief as the Court may consider handy to have in such a case. Then I take my turn, and after saving and reserving unto myself all benefit and advantage of exception to the many errors, uncertainties, and imperfections in the said bill contained, for answer thereunto, or unto so much and such parts thereof as I am advised by counsel are necessary or material to be answered unto, answering say that in each of complainant's allegations, in turn, he is purposely and maliciously mistaken; and finally, having fully answered the bill and denied "all and all manner of unlawful combination and confederacy, without this, that there is any other matter, cause, or thing in the complainant's said bill of complaint contained, material or necessary to be answered unto, and not herein and hereby well and sufficiently answered, confessed, traversed,

and avoided or denied, is true to the knowledge or belief of this defendant," and having offered to prove the truth of my statements, I pray to be dismissed with costs.

Then comes the complainant again with a general refutation that no man can calmly understand, and no set of men can parse; and finally the judge sends the whole case to his Master to tell him what he ought to do about it.

Yet it is true that in spite of its loitering by the way the Court of Chancery seldom fails to reach its goal.

Let me illustrate its method by a single instance. Some years ago a certain widow of this city opened a home for salaried young men. She was plain, but self-supporting, and before long one of the young men offered his hand and heart and was not repulsed; so for some time he continued to enjoy her society and table free of expense. But when she grew impatient and began to name days in the near future, he basely changed his plans and his boarding-house, and she promptly called upon her solicitor.

That gentleman filed a bill in Chancery setting up the promise and the breach thereof, the betrayal of his client's trust and confidence, and the fact that there was no adequate remedy at law, inasmuch as defendant was impecunious, and forasmuch as the widow had made up her mind to trust the tyrant man just once more, and insisted

on doing so, and therefore praying for a decree of specific performance. The chancellor, whom I will not name (neither will I deny that it was Judge Moran) had a tender regard for the sex and a boundless belief in the jurisdiction of his Court, and he promptly decreed that defendant marry the complainant within ten days.

It was then discovered that the defendant, with singular discretion, had left the country. Now, our Court of Chancery is not easily balked in the execution of its decrees. It does not depend upon the willingness of the defendant to obey its commands; and in this case the judge simply added to the decree, "and it appearing to the Court that the said defendant had departed from this State, and from the jurisdiction of this Court, it is hereby ordered and decreed that AB, Master in Chancery of this Court, do forthwith marry the complainant, and that he report his proceedings in the premises to this Court at the next term thereof."

All of which shows clearly how justice may be done without any inconvenience to any one.

POSTERITY.

DELIVERED AT THE BANQUET IN HONOR OF CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW IN CHICAGO ON JUNE 6, 1890, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "POSTERITY."

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN, — Without being in the confidence of its promoters, I venture to guess that this pleasant affair was designed as an opportunity to convince our distinguished guest that in spite of his recent hallucination we love him still. In the matter of magnanimity Chicago is simply spectacular. A man may dream of fairer cities and more central centres of the world; but if he wake with eyes wide open to the light, she will take him to her heart as if he had never doubted her.

But if it be the object of this meeting merely to solace the sorrow of our now regenerate friend over the only mistake he ever made, and incidentally to betray our own greatness of soul, why should we look beyond this happy hour of reconciliation, and why should I be called upon to talk about posterity? Well, possibly because that which we are doing to-day and

are about to do must be of interest to those who follow us; perhaps because we realize that we have talked too long about the debts we owe to dead men, and might as well begin to think of what we owe to the generations yet unborn.

It's easy to admit indebtedness to those who cannot call for payment. It's cheap and safe to sound the praises of those who have passed forever from the lists of rivalry. Even doctors admit that angel doctors knew a thing or two on earth, and even our sparkling toastmaster will acknowledge that Shakespeare was talented.

But that which comes to us as heirs of yesterday we hold as trustees for to-morrow, and to-morrow will claim a reckoning.

Now I don't propose to discuss the whole subject assigned to me by your committee. I should not feel bound to do so without some agreement for a salary and a summer vacation.

But let me say a few words about the interest of my client, posterity, in the present occasion and the near future of Chicago. Of course I don't mean all human beings of the future tense, for observation tells us that posterity is the natural product of every clime, and much of it we cannot strictly call our own even for the purpose of argument. I refer only to the favored millions who shall inherit this Western world. Surely they have some part and interest in the

history of to-day. Our acts performed are facts immutable by gods or men, and pass into the pride or shame of generations yet to be. By the strict logic of events there is nothing, however trivial, which goes to make or mar the character of men, or peoples, or states, or cities, but passes on, a help or hindrance to the race forever.

Now these general observations may possibly remind you of something heard before. They don't impress me as altogether novel, but I have made them for the special application they have to the present day and even to this precise occasion; for it happens that we speak to-night right into the open ear of posterity. Our dazzling toastmaster, a gentleman of whom it may be said that his faults are lonely and his virtues overcrowded, is engaged in writing a history of Illinois for future generations, and incidentally in making sure of a good audience.

In that veracious narrative he will doubtless tell with his accustomed grace and usual accuracy how, May 5, 1889, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, he presided over this banquet, how it was given in honor of one who began life as a humble railroad president and rose to dizzy heights of statesmanship, and might with practice have become an after-dinner speaker; and the boys of the twentieth century will be content to start out as railroad presidents and work their

way up. He will tell how sundry gentlemen, selected for their easy command of all human knowledge, their personal beauty, and good-natured willingness to suffer on festive occasions, discussed subjects of the first magnitude and disposed of national problems with neatness and despatch; and posterity will read the story and rejoice in us ancestors.

But there is one other matter of which I thought to speak to-night. After what has been said here it seems useless to attempt further concealment of the fact that we are soon to hold the World's Fair in or near Chicago.

The exact spot has not yet been selected, and may not be this week. I trust that the Directors are favored with liberal suggestions on this point, as I understand they intend to suit everybody, if everybody will but kindly and with reasonable diligence express a preference.

Now, unhappily, my client, posterity, cannot communicate directly with the Board, having been excluded from the mails by order of our good Postmaster-General, on the ground that posterity advertises marriage, which is a lottery, and so it sends a message by me.

As to the exact site, my clients, if I may assume that posterity will be plural, are not particular. They will not attend the Fair in person. So they speak without the bias of personal convenience, and have but this to say: that any

site will suit them which shall be known thereafter as the field of Chicago's victory; and if the Directors desire to go down the ages in full plumage, they will do well to give heed to this suggestion.

You men of to-day have undertaken a mighty work, and not altogether at your own risk. You hold the Fair, and posterity takes what is left, — the consequences of success or failure; the good or bad name which shall be given to this City of Chicago. It is possible, of course, that — to use a bit of Boston slang — you have severed more than you can masticate; but I don't believe it. I believe with all my heart that Chicago will keep her pledges to the world and yet undo the meanest, even as she has already won the fairest of her critics. The other day I met a young person who had been born of wealthy parents somewhere between Brooklyn and Jersey City, and had naturally grown up into the effigy of an Englishman, — a curious creature with a stuffed heart and a head so plastic that a good breeze would blow it out of shape; and this gifted being predicted that we should fail because the best people will not come here, at least during the London season; and, besides, he knew lots of Chicago fellows, and we were rum chaps, but awfully "bad form." Well, it may be so, for I have heard that rum goes to the head; and, as to "form," we have seen some men who have it to distraction; but

they are not the men for real and great emergencies.

Let us have done with idle contention about the niceties of form. Unless Chicago shall be swallowed by the earth, or blown away, or burned up, or withered by another criticism from New York, the next generation of men will find her grown to proportions which by comparison will make her present state seem embryonic. Give to posterity the city of material prosperity, of accumulated wealth, of undaunted enterprise and the fixed habit of success, and let her coming citizens accept the challenge of older communities in the fields of culture and the arts. We have no business with such questions yet. What half-grown girl ever yet surpassed the grace and symmetry of womanhood? What city ever yet builded herself so broad and high in half a century, and in that time acquired the atmosphere of ages? I am sick of this cant about municipal æsthetics. When Chicago expelled the Indian and the wolf from her chosen site, she had within her the promise and potency of all that the world demands of her to-day, and she has known it passing well; but she was not exempt from the natural laws by which great states and cities grow. Before her stretched the iron age of hard and homely toil, of uncouth manners and all the stubborn harshness of crude energy, — a long hard age, but none too long and none too hard

if in the end it brightens into a golden rather than a merely gilded age. A bearded fool may sneer at the smooth cheek of the boy, but that ought not to bring a blush upon it; for it is Nature's wise way to build up bone and muscle and give the man his stature before the ornaments of manhood. I should doubt the lusty vigor of Chicago if she, in her youth, already showed the signs of age.

And now let me conclude my message with reference to the Fair. Posterity will demand of you nothing less than the glory of success. Chicago has boldly claimed and fairly won the honor of standing for America before the world, and with that honor comes a serious obligation that might well appall so young a city. But she has craved the honor and courted the penalty. Now let her go to work. Let the same indomitable will that raised her from the swamp and again from the ashes of destruction hold her steadfast now. Let her not count the cost too closely, or buy a failure with $10,000,000, if $20,000,000 will insure success. Let her draw on posterity for the round sum that the future ought to pay from its inheritance, and if the draft shall be the token of success, it will be honored.

YALE IN THE WEST.

DELIVERED AT THE YALE ALUMNI BANQUET IN NEW YORK ON JANUARY 20, 1893, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "YALE IN THE WEST."

WHEN a Chicago man is permitted to associate upon terms of equality with the polished representatives of an older and higher civilization, there is nothing so becomes that man as modest stillness and humility. This is a proposition in etiquette which, I believe, is not disputed anywhere east of the Alleghenies; and if I shall seem to disregard it this evening, it is not because I deny it, or forget the many admonitions of the last year or two, but simply because the gracious invitation of your committee seems to imply a brief suspension of the ordinary rule of intercourse which you have established.

Let me thank you, gentlemen, for this evidence of your kindly interest, and express the hope that it betokens a growing catholicity of spirit, a deeper concern for all sorts and conditions of men. The fact is that we have been so chastened by New York ever since St. Louis withdrew her counsel that we have become painfully sensitive,

and a little act of kindness touches us in a way you pampered and flattered autocrats can hardly understand. We have done wrong, we admit, but we did not know any better; and we do not want to be utterly condemned and treated as quadrupeds forever. We did n't suppose that you would object to pork-packing at such a distance, where it could not come between the wind and your nobility; you ought to have told us before we became dependent on that industry for our living and the sinews of our best society. We never supposed that you would consider it impertinent in us to grow. You should have told us betimes. And when a little while ago Chicago picked up what seemed a pretty bauble, and hung it about her neck in childish glee, she did n't dream that it was yours. Why did n't you label your millstone?

Of course, life in Chicago, as compared with your butterfly existence, has its disadvantages. I do not know that I can better illustrate this than by reading an extract from one of your journals, which sometimes evinces a certain critical interest in Chicago: —

"At every grade-crossing death awaits the unfortunate sojourner in Chicago. Submersion in the streets, the deliquescence of the whole town in the quicksands upon which it sags, the blackness of the smoke above and the blackness of the deeper Chicago underneath, water filtered through sewage, and the twitchings of remorse

for inability to comprehend David Swing and Dr. Harris on Shakespeare and Dante, make existence very miserable to thousands of Chicagoans."

Now let me read another extract from the same journal, descriptive of a day in New York: —

"The free lunches furnished by the hotels and saloons on New Year's were more elaborate this year than ever before, but the finest spreads furnished without cost to the consumer were given by the proprietors of the restaurants and saloons near the exchanges on Saturday. One saloon in New Street not only furnished free champagne and an elaborate luncheon, but also provided an orchestra and an imitator of Lottie Collins, to entertain all who came. The proprietor of another saloon gave a set banquet of eight courses and six kinds of wine to his patrons. Free champagne, champagne punch, and champagne cup, as well as the most delicate viands, could be obtained in any of the leading restaurants and saloons near the stock or produce exchanges."

You see that with us, while the opportunities of life are limited, the opportunities of death are superabundant. The Chicago man who by chance survives to-day will start out to-morrow with his choice of alternatives. He may either be minced at a grade crossing, or break through the pavement and go gurgling down the depths of deliquescent putridity, or take a glass of sewage and die of nausea. Compare these with your alternatives of champagne, champagne punch,

and champagne cup, and have compassion upon us. Really, you seem to revel in the favors of Providence; but do not forget that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

But your chairman has told you that I would speak of Yale in the West, and I am inclined to lead up to that subject by the consideration of a single Yale man, whom some of you may know, as he sometimes appears in the West. We have adopted him as "Our Chauncey," — you know we all have to take our chances, — and we are somewhat surprised that he should be so little known at home. We fancy that if you could draw him out a little, as we do, you 'd get to like him. He comes out West occasionally to look up a President, or give the Fair a boost, or find a good dinner with fresh ears, and we always give him a banquet; and he sits down with us to our homely fare as if pork and beer were the particular things that make life worth living. He says he likes to dine where he can get his coat off and do his own reaching; that when he goes out to public dinners at home he gets but one dish at a time, and then has to listen to a lot of speeches by amateurs. You see, when he is with us, we divide the labor otherwise, and he does the talking — and does it cheerfully. He tells us on such occasions how much he likes us, and how sorry he is that his duty to a lot of men who hold stock in him keeps him in the East. He says he had

rather sit down to a dinner of herbs with us than eat stalled oxen with others; and that Chicago is the only city in the world where a Christian cannot make anything by dying. He 's very popular with us, and even in the remote fringe of Chicago which is called the far West. Out in the Yellowstone country they have named a fine geyser after him; and, by the way, it seems to have stimulated the geyser.

But what of those other Yale men who are part and parcel of the West, and of the influence which, through them, Yale is exerting in that country? It goes without saying that in Chicago, where manliness means more than culture and water, and man cannot live by pedigree alone, Yale is the popular university. Of course, there are those among us who insist that Harvard is the nicer college, — such ladies may be found anywhere, — and some who protest that Princeton is the only bulwark that can save us from the loss of hell; but to the typical Chicago boy, who is apt to be a little careless of his accent and rather sanguine in his theology, the name of Yale is very potent. The fact is, that the Harvard alumni are becoming too intensely æsthetic. Just after the last meeting of the colleges at Springfield, where Yale played football in the presence of Harvard, the Harvard alumni in Chicago held their annual banquet, and one of them, telling me of it the next day, mentioned the fact that during

the whole evening not a word was said about football; so I say they are becoming too purely intellectual in their interests. Now, with the Princeton men it was different. They had a dinner just after the game of last Thanksgiving Day, and they had a good deal to say of the affair; that is, their chaplain thanked the Lord that their beloved institution had been spared for another year of usefulness.

The college-bred men of the West have become an army, and they are doing service in the centers and in the outposts of civilization. They are the regulars in a vaster army. They are furnishing officers to the militia in the great campaign against wrong and want and ignorance and crime, and the thousand nameless shapes of animalism. They are directing the tendencies of exuberant life and restless energy. They are "a power that makes for righteousness." And they are loyal to the West. You may have observed this; and I suppose there is nothing that amuses you more than, for instance, a Chicago man's faith in Chicago. It is amusing, of course, — almost as funny as a New Yorker's pride in London, and really quite as commendable. He's a queer fellow, this Western cousin of yours, but not such a bad sort of fellow, after all. There 's something in his bumptious, belligerent local pride that irritates the nerves of Eastern men; and when the spirit of brag is upon him, no such light

artillery as the canons of taste will stop him. In that mood he would describe the stock yards to Ward McAllister. And yet — he has his good points. He has, for instance, the habit of self-dependence. He is rarely the victim of congenital wealth, and seldom bows down to family names. He holds that the merely rich ought to be humble, and grasps the strong hand, the willing and open hand, without thinking of manicures. There 's an oxygen in his atmosphere that quickens his senses. He sees things large; he hears the voices of to-morrow; he tastes in hope the flavor of success; he feels in his own veins the pulse of a people, and that is the sort of madness that works miracles in this age. He lacks the graces of life lived in hereditary mansions, but he is yet fresh from the ancestral cabin. He is somewhat uncouth, perhaps; but he cuts his coat to the measure of the man he means to be, and some day it will fit him. He 's too busy just now to stop and meditate on the niceties of form; but don't blame him for that, for, after all, the questions of taste are not as yet the most pressing problems of his life. He 's doing with all his might the things that must be done, and working out a result to be proud of. You are proud of it to-day. You know you are. You are not perniciously active in showing it just at present, but that doesn't signify; and very soon the whole world will be invited to glow with the same pride;

for I take it that the people who visit this country next summer will not repeat the mistake of Columbus and stop at the first island they come to and think they have seen the whole of America, even though that island should be this fairest and proudest of all her possessions.

CHICAGO.

DELIVERED AT THE BANQUET IN HONOR OF DANIEL H. BURNHAM, IN NEW YORK, ON MARCH 25, 1893, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST OF "CHICAGO."

NOTHING could be more gratifying to a Chicago man than this noble tribute to Mr. Burnham; and not merely because he belongs to Chicago and Chicago is proud of him, but because, also, the work which he has done so well, and which now elicits your admiration, is largely her work. You cannot honor him beyond his just deserts; and you will not spoil him by approbation. It may be said of him, as was said of another, that he has earned his fame by the arduous greatness of things done; and such men are not stupefied by applause. It never did hurt a Daniel to be lionized. And in honoring him you testify your appreciation of that liberal spirit which has permitted him to enlist in the great work over which he has presided, without regard to local pride or sectional jealousies, the men who best express the constructive and artistic genius of the age. Those marvelous palaces which, untenanted, would justify a convocation of

the nations, are monuments not only to the skill of architect and artist, but also to the bold spirit and clear prevision of the men who dared to set the scale of such a work.

This is indeed a new sensation for Chicago. Hitherto she has received from this quarter full recognition of her claims as a pork, beef, and grain market, and scant courtesy to her aspirations for art and culture; and that now, in this city of accomplishments, her chosen representative should receive the plaudits of the very elect for his services to art, is at least a sweet surprise.

But this makes easy and agreeable the duty which is assigned to me. I come, in the friendliest mood, to offer consolation for any disappointments which may have resulted from the location of the Fair. If you will kindly recall the spirited controversy over that question, you will remember that New York signified a willingness. She did not really want the Fair, of course, — for she has said so since, — but she certainly assumed a wistful expression; and when the matter was settled she did not see the hand of Providence in it, and had her doubts about the wisdom of the choice, — doubts which she did not regard as confidential. Chicago, of course, was elated. She was a good deal smaller then, and it pleased her to be treated as a large city; and she swelled up and said the size of the job was quite im-

material; and now, like the man who won the elephant in the raffle, she rejoices that it is no bigger.

But I am not going to discuss that question here. A few months longer, and the wisdom or the folly of that selection will be evident to all the world. I mean but to call attention to the silver lining of your cloud. There are certainly some advantages in not having a World's Fair, and probably no one is better qualified to point them out than a Chicago man. Once upon a time, up in Fishkill, there was a lady of most expensive tastes, who had two suitors. She married one, and the other moped. One day the husband met his disappointed rival and said to him, "My dear sir, experience teaches me that you are a happy man."

Chicago was happy once, but she overlooked the fact. She undertook a World's Fair, and now she knows what happiness was. True happiness consists largely in what you don't have. There was once a fox who was pursued by a lot of dogs and horses and others, and as he paused to listen for the hounds upon his track, he remarked to himself that he would be much happier if he had n't a scent. Let me commend this sage reflection to your care-hunted millionaires, and suggest that if you will come and spend the summer in Chicago you may easily test the theory of that subtle fox.

And that recalls me to my theme. Just think of the expectant hosts that will descend upon that city. We don't mind the New Yorkers so much, for they won't expect anything of us, and the slightest gentility will give them a pleasant surprise. They will look to find our streets paved with good intentions, and ordinary mud will be a relief to them. But what will Boston say, — Boston, who writes to us by way of Albany that she is disappointed in New York? And Philadelphia, who had a little trouble of her own, — what won't she say? And then suppose we have a flock of crowned heads from over the water. You would not mind such a thing at all. You are accustomed to treat princes and potentates with an easy condescension that fascinates them; but we are lowly born and bashful; and while we sympathize with kings and queens and mean to treat them "square," we lack the tact which enables you to check undue familiarity without a club. I suppose we shall need some, and if so we shall "stock up," for we propose to have whatever is essential to correct hospitality. It's probably a good thing to have, anyway; for tact is something which, like the odor of onions, clings to a man even unto the third and fourth generation, and it may help the children some day.

But aside from such embarrassments, and others which you will readily foresee, there are cer-

tain responsibilities which you escape. If the Fair should prove to be a great success, it will be the glory of the whole Nation. If it fail, alas for Chicago! None will dispute her title to the blame. Perhaps Congress, which has already assisted her with half a donation less the drawback, would pass a pension bill for the relief of those who had been ruined in the service of their country; but undoubtedly the President, following the example of himself, would veto that bill, and we should be left to do our own suffering, and he would probably get a third term. However, we must not complain. Such are the penalties of greatness. These dizzy heights are dangerous. It's a more serious matter to fall from a pedestal than from a ditch.

But, above all, New York is to be congratulated upon a rare opportunity to show the greatness of her soul. She is our foremost city. Even excluding New Jersey and Long Island, she is still one of the two largest cities in the country. She is the pride of the whole Nation, and, by the way, she is not so stupid as to be wholly unconscious of her own superiority. Even Rome, in all her glory, with sevenfold her opportunity, did not surpass her. She sat upon her seven hills and never hatched a President.

But, after all, there's a good deal of America over there on the mainland; and it's looking this way. It has been said that New York is insular,

self-centered, indifferent to all things off the island. Will it appear so in the coming season of national pride and patriotic effort? This gathering to-night and the words spoken here go far to reassure us. It is Chicago's misfortune that, no matter how unselfishly she may strive for the success of the Fair, half the world will find her motives wholly mercenary. It is New York's good fortune that her help and sympathy cannot be misinterpreted. Let me commend this thought to you; and let me add that with a view to your future happiness we cordially invite you to be good to us. It is not merely that we need your practical aid for the Fair, — of course we need that, — but that the men who have sacrificed so much in the cause that is your cause and that of every citizen should have a generous support. I do not speak by their authority. They are not asking for commendation; they are not waiting for encouragement; but they would be strange men not to be stimulated by your appreciation and grateful for a hand outstretched in kindliness.

And you have this further consolation, that you have escaped the dust and din of preparation, and will first see the Fair complete. It will be a sudden, full sensation. You will see in all its finished beauty what poets and artists have vaguely dreamed, and in that sight will be a revelation of the real sublimity of man's conceptions and the possible majesty of his handiwork.

I care not in what spirit you may come. Bring but the common sentiment of men, and that first view will print a picture on your memories that time will not efface.

And then, too, you will see Chicago, — the most interesting city in the world to one who studies the evolution of cities. Elsewhere the phases of developments have succeeded each other too slowly to be noted except in part through the imperfect medium of history. There the changes have come so rapidly within the field of view that the entire process may be seen. The whole marvelous transformation, from the trading post to the chosen theatre of a world's pageant, has come within the range of single lives yet far from spent. We look back to find the origin and explanation of Chicago in those forces which fixed the natural highways of a vast and fertile territory. We see her now, a field of prodigious activities, a marvel of brilliant achievement, a turbulent school of sociology. It has fallen to this generation to see the elements of society in violent agitation; and just now the storm-center seems to be over Chicago. What the result may be let him declare who knows the scope of wisdom and the limitations of folly. We only know that in that city men are being molded by the pressure of events; that the incessant urgency of life, adding each day a little to the task of yesterday, a little also

to the strength of yesterday, is breeding a race of men fit for responsibilities; and that the same energy which has made her in half a century a great spectacular city, is now surely tending toward the better purpose of her life.

"CATTING."

REPRINTED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM "FOREST AND STREAM."

IN the "Tennessee Fish Notes," by J. D. H., in the "Forest and Stream" of May 11, we are told that "Mr. Poole caught a yellow cat out of the river the other day, with ordinary tackle which weighed sixty-one pounds."

It is to be regretted that the details of this affair are not given. It would be interesting to know how the cat happened to be in the river, — whether by accident or design; and all sportsmen will be eager to know something more about the tackle used by Mr. Poole. It is said to have been the "ordinary tackle which weighed sixty-one pounds," and perhaps the Tennesseeans who devote themselves to this particular sport understand exactly what is meant; but in the North, where the cats found in water are generally too stale to entice the angler, the statement cannot fail to excite some speculation. The tackle, weighing only sixty-one pounds, could hardly have been a derrick or a dredging-machine, — although the latter would seem to be well adapted for the purpose, — and it was manifestly some-

thing heavier than a rake, a scoop-shovel, or a pair of tongs.

In view of the well-known predilection of cats for live bait, it may have been a big dog on a string, or a mouse suspended on a log-chain, according as it is customary in such cases for the bait to take the game or for the game to take the bait. It certainly seems probable that in a stream well stocked with cats, a small water-spaniel — say a brown hackle — on a light casting-line and fly-rod would afford excellent sport. Such tackle need not weigh over thirty pounds. Mr. Poole seems to have used a larger dog than was necessary. The smaller-sized would be better for casting, and would make the contest more uncertain, and therefore more sportsman-like.

Just how we are to induce the cats to take to the water in sufficient numbers to make this sport popular with the fishing fraternity may not be clear; but it is evident that the surplus kittens of our large cities, after being accustomed to city milk, cannot have any serious antipathy to the purer water of the pond and stream.

Certainly this subject is worthy the careful attention of our fishculturists and sporting clubs. Just as we are beginning to realize and mourn over the rapid extermination of our game fish and animals, a new sport with an inexhaustible supply of material is at hand.

Take, for example, a single block in New York, occupied by say one hundred householders. Each one of these would cheerfully spare a hundred cats from his neighborhood. This makes ten thousand cats to the block available for our purpose; and of course there are plenty of dogs out of business who might thus be furnished with pleasant employment and a reason for existence.

We hope to hear further from Mr. Poole on this interesting topic.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN TO HIS OWN PROPERTY.

REPRINTED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE."

IT is quite beyond the purpose of this article to discuss the origin or development of the idea of property, or the history of the various concessions which the individual owner has been compelled to make to the public necessity. From time to time within the history of the common law, the people have secured for themselves safeguards against the exactions of the government, until it has become the maxim of modern civilization that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; and from time to time the exigencies of society have compelled the surrender of individual preferences, privileges, and rights to the needs of the government, or the community, until the citizen holds his property subject to the requirements of the State, and may not devote it to any use prejudicial to the interests of the public, or, within certain limits, tending to the injury of his neighbor.

Thus, he may own a city lot, in that he may sell it and appropriate the proceeds to his own use, or give it to aid some benevolent object, or devise it to his family or friends, or build upon it some structure in which he may reside or conduct his business without payment of rent; but if he sell or devise, he must conform to laws regulating conveyances or wills, framed for the protection of titles; if he build, he must observe municipal ordinances designed to promote the public safety; if he occupy it, he must regard the health, comfort, and property rights of his neighbors. He may claim protection by the law in the proper and peaceable enjoyment of his property; but his property must pay its ratable share of the expense of maintaining order, and providing the conveniences of urban life, under penalty of confiscation. The State cannot arbitrarily dispossess him and bestow his land upon another without compensation; but it may seize his property and apply it to the payment of his debts; it may destroy his house to save others, or appropriate his land to public uses, upon payment of compensation to be determined by its legal machinery.

At the present day it would be difficult to specify any class of property held by the private citizen, wholly exempt from the claims of the public as represented by the State. On the other hand, it would be painful to contemplate social conditions under which absolute rights of individ-

uals could be maintained. The power to tax the citizen and his property is one which is granted of necessity to every State by its citizens, and is based upon theories of public necessity and the equitable distribution of the expenses of government. So long as it is exercised for a public purpose and with uniformity, according to the value of property, this power is limited only by the discretion of the legislature. The only security against wanton abuse of it is found in our representative form of government. Those who are chosen for their special fitness to represent the common interests of all; who must suffer in their own estates the penalty of unwise or extravagant taxation; who are responsible to their constituents for every dereliction of their sacred trust, and whose fair fame is, of course, dearer to them than the possible gains of official corruption, — such men will hardly abuse this tremendous power for personal advantage.

This is the theory of our government, — that legislators and local officers will be inspired by zeal for the public welfare; and there is here and there an optimist who finds circumstantial evidence of this inspiration in the history of his own time — and party. In theory, as it is stated by eminent authority, "the legislature cannot, in the form of a tax, take the money of the citizens and give it to an individual, the public interest or welfare being in no way connected with the trans-

action." So, in theory, justices of the peace cannot grant divorces; but a Western justice punctured this theory recently by the remark that he knew better — as he had granted several himself.

This power with which the State is so liberally endowed is by it delegated, in part, to the municipal and quasi-municipal corporations created for the administration of local government; though in some States the power of such corporations to raise money by general taxation is limited to a certain percentage of the assessed value of property within the district of taxation; but special assessments of property for local public improvements, which may be considered as a form of taxation, may be carried to such extent as may be required by public necessity or the local spirit of enterprise; provided only that the proposed improvement shall be of a public character, and that the cost thereof shall be levied on lands according to the estimated benefit to be conferred, or, in some States, in cases of street improvement, according to frontage on the street. The legal machinery by means of which this power of taxation is exercised, is too complex for description here, even with reference to a single State; but it may be said in general terms that it involves the assessment of values or special benefits, as the case may be, by an officer or board elected for that purpose; and that there is, in most States and cities, great scope for injustice

by means of excessive and unequal assessments, as well as by extravagant and unnecessary expenditure of public money.

When the extent of this power is considered, in connection with the opportunities for its abuse by incompetent or corrupt officers, it will be seen that the citizen's right to his "own" property falls somewhat short of absolute dominion.

In addition to this power of taxation, there is inherent in every sovereignty the power to take, damage, or destroy the property of the citizen, in the interest of the public, by the exercise of that superior right of property known as the Eminent Domain.

This power may be invoked for various objects, as for the construction of railroads, canals, public streets, roads and bridges, parks, water-works, ferries, drains, schoolhouses, cemeteries, mills, — in some States, — and other works of public necessity or convenience, upon condition that compensation shall be awarded and paid to the owner. In certain States it is provided by statute that the proper compensation shall be determined by a jury, and paid by the State or corporation seeking condemnation of property, before taking possession; but this rule is not uniform, or essential to the protection of the citizen. In several States the assessment or award is made by commissioners appointed for the purpose, and payment of compensation is not a condition precedent

to taking possession, the owner being remitted to his legal action to enforce payment.

Thus the citizen must consider his property at all times as for sale to the city, if needed for streets or public grounds or buildings; to a railroad company if required for its purposes, or to such other of the several public corporations, permitted by the State to exercise the right of eminent domain, as may find it necessary or convenient; and at a price to be fixed by a jury or commission, which is limited to the actual market value of the property in cash; and in case of the interruption or destruction of his business, he may be awarded compensation for injuries resulting directly from the condemnation, but not for others perhaps quite as real and serious, but not clearly demonstrable under the rules of evidence.

Or, if his property be applied to any use, or occupied in any manner, declared by the legislature or the courts to be prejudicial to the public welfare, the "nuisance" so created may be abated by summary means and without compensation, even though it involve the destruction of buildings or render the property practically worthless by prohibition of the only use to which it is adapted.

This "police power" of the State, as it is termed, is one of vast scope, and its limitations may not be readily defined. Indeed, certain

recent opinions, emanating from courts of high authority, seem to warrant the definition of this power as the general authority of the legislature to supervise and control all business transacted within the State to such extent as it may deem expedient for the public good.

In the year 1876 this question was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States, in various forms, by a series of appeals from State courts in what are known as the "Granger Cases;" and we have but to examine the opinions filed in those cases, and certain later adjudications by the same court, if we would escape the popular fallacy that a man really owns his own property.

In 1871 the Legislature of Illinois defined and classified public warehouses, and fixed a maximum rate to be charged for storage of grain. Certain private citizens of Chicago, who had erected extensive elevator buildings and were engaged as co-partners in carrying on the business of receiving and storing grain therein at the time of the enactment in question, failed to take out a license under the new law, or to comply with its provisions relating to rates of storage, and were prosecuted. This case necessarily presented certain questions of great importance touching the right of the individual to the use and control of his own property. It was not the case of a corporation, to which had been given

extraordinary powers to equip it for public service, and which was therefore subject to control by the public; nor did it present any of those questions relating to the public health, safety, or morals, which would clearly justify the intervention of the police power of the State. The Supreme Court of Illinois, by a bare majority, held the law to be valid, although it was argued with great force on behalf of the warehousemen that it was unconstitutional, in that it operated to deprive them of their property without due process of law. The Supreme Court of the United States affirmed this decision by a majority opinion, in which it is expressly stated that the case has received long and careful consideration "on account of the vast importance of the questions involved." In that case the Court concluded from the facts of record that the proprietors of elevators in Chicago enjoyed a "virtual monopoly" of a business which was of general interest and public character, and stated the law as applicable to the case in these words: "Property does become clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it *of public consequence and affect the community at large.* When, therefore, one devotes his property *to a use in which the public has an interest,* he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good, to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

This language has been severely criticised by lawyers and judges, and by none more severely than by the dissenting members of the Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Field says, in the same case: "If this be sound law, if there be no protection either in the principles upon which our republican government is founded, or in the prohibitions of the Constitution against such invasion of private rights, all property and all business in the State are held at the mercy of a majority of its legislature. The public has no greater interest in the use of buildings for the storage of grain than it has in the use of buildings for the residences of families, nor, indeed, anything like so great an interest; and according to the doctrine announced, the legislature may fix the rent of all tenements used for residences, without reference to the cost of their erection. If the owner does not like the rates prescribed, he may cease renting his houses."

In a series of railroad cases decided after the warehouse case, and in which the Court held that the legislatures of the several States might regulate the rates to be charged by railroads for transportation of passengers and freight, and that, although the roads were entitled to reasonable compensation, the legislature alone could determine what was "reasonable," Mr. Justice Field, in a dissenting opinion on behalf of himself and Mr. Justice Strong, remarks with reference to the

warehouse case, which the Court had followed as a precedent, that "that decision, in its wide sweep, practically destroys all the guaranties of the Constitution and of the common law invoked by counsel for the protection of the rights of the railroad companies;" and again: "that decision will justify the legislature in fixing the price of all articles and the compensation for all services. It sanctions intermeddling with all business and pursuits and property in the community, leaving the use and enjoyment of property and the compensation for its use to the discretion of the legislature." It may be argued, of course, that the declaration of the Court in the warehouse case, so far as it applies to other classes of property than that directly in controversy in that case, may be regarded as a mere *dictum;* but as it is a carefully considered statement of the general principle on which the decision is based, and as the same Court has not seen fit to modify it materially in any of the later cases in which it has been discussed and criticised, it must be taken as the deliberate exposition, by our highest tribunal, of the relative rights of the public and the individual citizen to that which the latter is accustomed to call his own property.

If it be the law of the land that the citizen who "devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest," or enjoys a "virtual monopoly," must submit to be controlled by the

public to the extent of its interest therein, and if even his right to a reasonable compensation for the use of his property or his services in connection therewith mean nothing more than the right to receive whatever the legislature shall arbitrarily declare to be a reasonable compensation, it is but a step — if at all — further to the doctrine that the public may also determine for itself, and finally, when property is "used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large," or, in other words, when it, the public, "has an interest" therein; and then it may be said, in general terms, that a man's right to his property depends upon the will of the legislative majority. When we consider the infinite subdivision of labor, the interdependence of trades, professions, and all the business classes, and the complicated and delicately adjusted mechanism of that great modern engine called Commerce, it is really not easy to say what legitimate, well managed, and successful business may not be considered to be of "public consequence," or to "affect the community at large," and therefore to be subject to public control.

It is possible, of course, that the Supreme Court has gone no further than would be consistent with a proper theory of society, based upon modern conditions. On that question I shall venture no opinion. But, tested by the

principles and precedents by which it professes to be guided, its language in this case seems to be singularly inaccurate, — a fault not often to be found in its opinions, — and must inevitably tend to encourage usurpation by legislative majorities. There is, indeed, some indication of late that the Court perceives this, and is disposed to qualify its former doctrine. In a recent case, decided in March, 1890, a statute of Minnesota, enacted in 1887, creating a railroad and warehouse commission, and providing that all charges for transportation "shall be equal and reasonable," and empowering the commission to compel a carrier to adopt such rates as the commission "shall declare to be equal and reasonable," without providing for any hearing before the commission, was held to be unconstitutional, as depriving carriers of their property without due process of law. The question of the reasonableness of the rate charged is said by the Court to be "eminently a question for judicial investigation, requiring due process of law for its determination." This is clearly a modification of the doctrine laid down in the warehouse case and the "Granger Cases" already referred to, — so clearly that Mr. Justice Bradley, in a dissenting opinion, declares that it "practically overrules" those cases, in which, he says, the governing principle was that the regulation of such rates, and the determination of their reasonableness, is strictly a legislative preroga-

tive, and not a judicial one. In this case, moreover, the Court appears to modify somewhat its former views as to what constitutes the "property" of the citizen and the "deprivation" which is prohibited by the Constitution, except upon compensation and by due process of law; but it has not greatly changed its doctrine concerning the "police power" of the State. It leaves wide open still the question as to what business may be subject to public control because of general interest to the community. Indeed, in a still later case, now popularly known as the "Original Package Case," three of the Associate Justices unite in declaring that "the police power includes all measures for the protection of the life, the health, the property, and *the welfare* of the inhabitants, and for the promotion of good order and the public morals."

Giving full force to the very comprehensive terms used by the Supreme Court, it would be safe to say that the property of the citizen is subject to such control by the public as the latter may be interested to exercise, but hazardous to attempt to define the classes of private property which are or may be clothed with such a public interest as to justify interference by the government. But for the fact that the Supreme Court must be presumed to understand the language of the country, in both its technical and ordinary acceptations, one might guess with some

reason that it had been careless in stating the doctrine in question, and that its opinion in the warehouse case ought not to be taken as a precedent, except in cases where property is devoted to a public service. Within this limitation the doctrine has since been extended to "grist" mills and waterworks. In the "Civil Rights Cases" it was said by Mr. Justice Harlan to be applicable to places of public amusement, since they are used in a manner to make them of public consequence and affect the community at large; but I am not advised of any case in which it has been applied to clergymen, undertakers, or certain others whose services affect the community.

As to corporate property, courts and legislatures have left small room for discussion. If any stockholder needs to be further admonished of the fact that corporations are but creatures of the people, let him await the next judicial utterance on the subject. It will not be long delayed; for just now the excellent doctrine of corporate subjection is in the prime of life, and asserts itself with frequency and vigor. The president of a well-known railway company recently published an article advocating the purchase and operation of railroads by the government. It was regarded by many as a grim jest; but inasmuch as the government has already assumed so largely the control of their operation, the proposition of the

stockholders, that the public should assume also the risk and expense of operating them, is not so obvious a joke as to pass without challenge. It should be observed, however, that the inconsistencies and excesses of the public, in its treatment of this subject, do not necessarily condemn the whole procedure. The old doctrine of the vested rights and sacred charters of corporations was founded on error, and came to be recognized as dangerous to interests far more important than the gains of stockholders. It was time for government to realize that it had no right to abdicate its trust, — that it had no power to grant irrevocable privileges, as against the general welfare of the people. At present this newly awakened solicitude for the public weal seems likely to carry us beyond the bounds of temperate action ; but it cannot be that we, as a people, shall long ignore the folly of discouraging enterprise and intimidating capital by petty restrictions and unjust discriminations. We shall soon cease to regard corporations as the natural foes of good government. We may even come to regard the prevailing hostility to these agents of government as an oblique menace to the State itself, — especially when expressed by combinations formed and maintained at the expense of the public.

At the time when these words are written, the operations of a great Western railway are suspended because of a " strike ; " and this con-

certed action of an army of employees is based upon the refusal of the railway company to dismiss an efficient but unpopular superintendent. The public, which has been so eager to curb the rights of stockholders, who draw dividends from the business conducted on their capital, is indifferent to the action of these employees who draw wages for their labor in the same business. If the corporation is held to strict performance of its duty as a public servant, should not its agents, who live upon its business, be held to some account, — at least for combinations made to obstruct a public service as a means to satisfy the personal grudge of a few individuals?

There remains but one other right of the citizen, concerning his own property, to be considered. He is permitted to give it away, under certain restrictions. During his lifetime he may bestow it *gratis*, except that he may not thereby impair the rights of his wife or creditors, or divest it of the burden imposed by the public; and, dying, he may dispose of it by will, subject to similar charges, and, in some States, certain statutory rights of children, and succession taxes. Observing these proper conditions, the citizen may give away his property *ad libitum;* and it has long been a matter of surprise and regret — at least, to the impecunious philosopher — that so few avail themselves of this privilege during their lifetime. The records of our courts teem with

cases in which the intentions of testators have been defeated by legal technicalities invoked by greedy heirs; and it would seem that this constantly recurring spectacle ought to deter men from confiding their property exclusively to courts for distribution.

One may excuse the merchant who accumulates to gratify a commercial ambition, and uses his millions as fuel for legitimate enterprise, or the man of any class who seeks to assure the comfort of those dependent upon him; but for those men — not a few — who by inheritance or otherwise have acquired wealth far in excess of their proper need or the need of those to whom they owe the debts of kinship, and cling to it for the mere satisfaction of seeing it increase and feeling the sense of ownership, there ought to be no forgiveness on earth. At such men is aimed the last suggestion of this paper, — that the right, with reference to his own property, in which the citizen is least restrained, is the right to give it away; and that this right is of all the most precious to him who sees the just relation of property to human happiness.

MR. JONES'S EXPERIMENT.

REPRINTED, BY KIND PERMISSION, FROM "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE."

MR. F. MANDEVILLE JONES was slowly recovering from a fever, which had relented only after the doctors had given him up and his friends had begun to enumerate his good qualities; and in the seclusion of the sick-room he reflected long and seriously upon the life which he had been about to submit, as a closed record, for judgment.

With keen introspection he sought out the flaws in his character, analyzing the motives of action, testing principles, and criticising the method and result of all his life. He was a bachelor of mature age and comfortable fortune, a fairly successful lawyer, of good social position, correct habits, and genial nature, — in short, a gentleman of parts and a most acceptable member of society.

Thus, at least, he was rated by the world, and thus, in his casual moments of self-examination, he had been accustomed to regard himself. But now, solemnized by the recent near approach of death, and with new clearness of vision, he studied the being that he had been and knew him-

self for what he really was, — a dishonest man; that is, conventional and insincere.

He reviewed with impartial scrutiny his social relations, and was forced to admit that he had not spoken and lived the truth, — the real truth of his conscience.

Day by day he had politely lied, courteously repressed his real feeling, and amiably concurred in that which he knew to be false, until deception had become the unconscious habit of his life; and brooding over this unwelcome fact, he so magnified his fault that it assumed the proportions of a deadly sin, from which he must find deliverance at any cost. He resolved that with the return of strength he would enter upon a new life. He would in all things and at all hazards be simply true to himself and to the obvious principles of rectitude.

He now clearly perceived that the bane of modern society is the affectation of feeling or sentiment, and that the so-called amenities of life are often hardly more than facile deceptions, serving merely to mitigate the harshness of honest facts; and of course that the sin of society is but the prevalent fault of its individual members, and that all social reforms must originate with the individual.

He realized that the duty to which he had resolved to devote himself would be exacting and difficult; but to shirk it for that reason would be

unworthy of him regenerate. And again and again, during the long period of his convalescence, he renewed his resolution and rehearsed the glories of his certain victory over the sins of duplicity, until he became an enthusiast, or perhaps a monomaniac, on the subject of truth as a rule of conduct, and longed for the field of action. Yet with all his zeal he intended to be reasonable. He would not gratuitously affront society by noisy declamation, or assert himself inopportunely or unchallenged. He would not give way to unworthy impulses simply because they were real; but, on the other hand, he would not blink the truth according to his conscience, however unwelcome, whenever he should be properly put in evidence.

After careful consideration of his physical condition and rate of improvement he was confident that by the opening of the new year, then close at hand, he would have quite regained his strength and be ready to resume his place in the social world; and he would then resolutely take up the task of honest living.

The eventful day arrived, and Mr. Jones sallied forth with two great resolutions; whereof the major has been sufficiently indicated, and the minor may be guessed when it is known that he bent his steps toward the home of Miss Stella Van Riper.

Mr. Jones belonged to that class of bachelors

known as eligible. For some years he had preserved his autonomy without apparent reason; and recent meditations upon the duty of man and the exceptional qualities of Miss Van Riper having shown him the error of his way, he had resolved to lose no time in gaining the right path, — which he fondly hoped to do by means of a frank declaration to this lady of the exact state of his feelings, in which, of course, he would state the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

He was received on this occasion with that cordiality which Miss Van Riper always manifested toward gentlemen whose calls were frequent enough to indicate a probable purpose, and with perhaps a certain superadded warmth due to her considerable interest in him and consequent joy over his restoration to health and her society.

After an hour of preliminary conversation, commencing with a recital by him of the interesting features of his recent illness, continued by the enumeration of similar cases, and ending with a polite but not extravagant avowal of the pleasure experienced in the renewal of their friendly intercourse, Mr. Jones found himself at the brink of opportunity and poised for the fateful plunge.

Miss Van Riper, with a woman's quick perception of great moments, assumed the attitude of

genuine and yet not painful surprise, with the right hand somewhat conspicuous and easily tangible. She had done this before, but never when she felt so sure of her emergency. Mr. Jones, having mentally renewed his vow of absolute sincerity in all things, thus proceeded: —

"Miss Van Riper, I desire to speak with you upon a personal subject of great, and I trust mutual, interest; and at the outset let me assure you that I shall permit no enthusiasm or fervor or habit of hyperbole to carry me beyond the limits of exact truth and perfect sincerity, for I am resolved that simple honesty shall be henceforth my constant rule of action.

"You cannot have failed to observe that marked preference which I have shown, of latter years, for your society. Indeed, I am conscious that at sundry times I have given you more or less explicit assurances of my special regard. Doubtless some of these may have been accentuated by the too common tendency to extravagant laudation of your sex, and should be qualified by that consideration; but, however that may be, the main fact of personal esteem remains."

Here he hesitated, and Miss Van Riper, being restrained by no vow, remarked that she must say that he had always been very polite, but she had never dreamed that — but what he had been just the same to the other girls.

"No," he continued, "there was a difference.

While it is true that with the careless duplicity which is the unfortunate habit of my sex, and once was mine, I have given similar assurances to other ladies, they were not so fully warranted by the fact; and I now regret and ought perhaps to recall them; whereas with you I am constrained to reinforce such former suggestions. Miss Van Riper, I have critically examined the state of my emotions; and though I have at times doubted, and have somewhat distrusted my own judgment, I am satisfied upon a full, and I trust impartial, review of all the evidence, that I love you. I do not say that I adore you — or worship your foot-prints — or even that I love you as I had never thought to love or as no woman was ever loved before; for I am convinced that such protestations are in most cases, and would probably be in the present, extreme and misleading.

"I could, indeed, find it easy to make them now, in the excitement of my emotions, and to think them true; but reason teaches me, and candor compels me to admit, that such passionate avowals should not be wholly credited.

"I find that you are essential to my happiness. In this I may of course be mistaken; and you will therefore regard this as but the expression of a personal opinion upon the subject. As for myself, I give you no assurance of exceptional merits. There is always danger that an individual may be disqualified, either by undue vanity or by exces-

sive modesty, to pass upon his own value. I can only say that the disposition of persons in polite society is to conceal or repress the baser elements of character, and to exhibit to the best advantage the more attractive qualities,—a fact which should not be overlooked in forming our estimates of each other; and with this caution I must leave you to your own conclusions, as I am left to mine."

By this time Miss Van Riper's face was a study. She was old enough, and sufficiently self-possessed, to appreciate the reasonableness of Mr. Jones's propositions, and felt, too, that his case ought not to be prejudiced by his extraordinary candor; but she had long looked forward to this moment, and had well-matured ideas as to the proprieties of the occasion, — none of which had been regarded. Her right hand was still free. She clasped it with the left, — feeling that something was due from somebody, — and wondered whether at this point she ought to treat his remarks as complete. She hesitated; and Mr. Jones, perceiving that he had omitted something, asked her to be his wife; and she, with downcast eyes and averted conscience, told him she was so surprised — that it was all so new and strange — that she really had hardly thought of marriage — and was he sure that he would always love her just the same? He replied that he had asked himself that question, and that while he could not honestly assure her that it was abso-

lutely certain, he felt the greatest confidence in the stability of his affection.

It had been well for Miss Van Riper had she been content with this guarded statement of the case; but how could maiden heart surrender to a preamble and set of resolutions? She would make some effort to secure her rights; and she began by being *so* surprised that he should think her beautiful. This surprise, having really no inducement in fact, was most unfortunate. He had chosen her with his eyes open and without the aid of any optical illusion; partly because of a certain maturity which corresponded well with his own, but which in most ladies postdates the heyday of youth and beauty; and, in spite of his vow, he was terribly tried by this uncalled-for remark, and especially because he knew that in the days of his duplicity he had indulged in sundry conventional compliments which might have misled her even to the extent indicated by her expression of surprise.

But he was fairly challenged, and the great principle of his new life was at stake. He was tempted for a moment to compromise by some general observation that mere beauty had never been the chief inspiration of his love; but in her eyes he read a larger expectation, and he must answer it. So he told her, kindly but firmly, that he had not intended to imply, nor could he honestly permit her to assume, that her beauty, though

entirely satisfactory to him, was of that transcendant quality to compel especial and exclusive homage; and trusted that he would not be misunderstood if in his desire to be entirely frank he took occasion to correct any false impression which he might inadvertently have given her on this subject. Then she supposed, with tears in her voice, that since he was not very sure of his love, and considered her such a fright, he must have some other reason for wishing to marry her, and she was sure she could n't imagine what it was unless he wanted her fortune — and she wished she had n't a dollar, so she did. Now, nothing could have been more absurd and unjust than this suggestion, and Mr. Jones hastened to assure her that her suspicion — if, indeed, she really entertained it — was wholly unfounded; that her appearance was really most attractive to him, and that as to her fortune, while he could not honestly assert that he had not considered it, yet he sincerely believed that it had not influenced him to any appreciable extent. But it was too late. She, who had long held herself in readiness to reward the love of some honest man, in the face of this fine opportunity found her purpose paralyzed by the blow to her vanity, and she did what most women would have done under the same exasperation. Mr. Jones withdrew, sadly conscious that he had deserved a better fate, and went to his club.

It was the first time he had been there since his recovery, and the cheery greetings of several friends almost persuaded him for the moment that he had something left to live for. Here he found a note, which had been awaiting him some days, inviting him to dine that evening with his old friend, Mrs. Axminster, and meet a few other old friends. This gave him a pang, for he remembered that Miss Van Riper had spoken of this dinner as an engagement for the evening, and he was in no mood to appear again so soon in the presence of one who had so cruelly misjudged him. True, he felt a momentary impulse to go and be feverishly brilliant, and stun her with reckless gayety; but he knew well enough that this suggestion had come to him out of some novel or drama and not from his real feeling, and this was sufficient. He had fought a good fight that day for downright honesty, and, though sorely wounded, he was still loyal to the cause; and so he at once despatched to Mrs. Axminster, not a mere formal regret, but a note in which — as may hereafter appear — he set forth fully and frankly the reasons which impelled him to decline her kind invitation.

He had hardly done this when he was approached by a friend who requested him to sign the application of a certain Mr. Plush for membership in the Club. He hesitated. He had frequently given his indorsement to such appli-

cations, and sometimes in behalf of applicants less worthy; but that was before his sense of responsibility had been awakened. He felt that he could not conscientiously vouch for this man as possessed of all the qualifications which, in his judgment, such a Club ought to require; and so he declined to sign, and, disdaining subterfuge, candidly explained that he could not cordially recommend the applicant as a gentleman worthy of admission; and of course his words were promptly, and more than fully, reported by the indignant friend to the aspersed candidate, who with singular obtuseness failed to appreciate Mr. Jones's conscientious scruples, and incontinently charged him with malice, hypocrisy, and sundry other sins of the Litany.

If now we recur to the note which had been sent to Mrs. Axminster, and follow it into her hands, we shall find that estimable lady in a state of perturbation hardly to be expected, and which will require a little explanation.

Mrs. Axminster was a widow of mature age, whose buoyant spirits and persistent charms had long excited the envy of her juniors. During the few years of her widowhood she had been conspicuous as an example of the sanitary effect of well-modulated grief. She bloomed in weeds as if they nurtured her; and she had kept her heart as fresh as her complexion, — a result due in part, it may be, to the fact that the late

Mr. Axminster had never drawn largely upon her store of sentiment.

Her return to fashionable society was an event of great importance, especially as it was freely said that she was about to bestow her hand upon one of her many admirers, generally conceded to be the identical Mr. Plush, already mentioned as a candidate for other honors.

This rumor had reached her ears, and was not altogether unwelcome. She was content that society should regard her as a flower still fresh and fair enough to pluck, and did not seriously resent the insinuation that she might — possibly — be overcome by the pleadings of some favored suitor; but she regarded the more specific details of the rumor with apprehension; since, in fact, Mr. Plush, although attentive enough to give color to the report, had not as yet culminated, and since, moreover, she had definitely decided against him in advance, and felt the rank injustice to other admirers of an unfounded rumor of this discouraging nature.

And this is not surprising. No woman exposed to the danger of a second husband desires to have the risk unfairly diminished; and in the present instance Mrs. Axminster was especially annoyed, because she had fully determined, upon a careful review of her possible suitors, that in case Mr. Jones should reciprocate, as seemed extremely probable, the marked preference of

which she was conscious, and attempt to over-persuade her, he should have a fair chance; and while she had, as a matter of extra precaution, denied to certain other possible candidates the rumor of her engagement, she had been prevented by Mr. Jones's long illness from reassuring him on this point, and felt keenly the wrong which had been done him. Indeed, she had at once diagnosed his disease as a bitter disappointment with typhoid complications, and regretted that the usages of her world forbade her to offer the only specific; and upon his recovery she had planned a little dinner and invited him with the secret purpose to convince him, by all delicate and seemly methods, of the prematurity of his despair.

It was therefore with more than ordinary anxiety that she awaited his long-delayed response, and with peculiar interest that she read his note, which ran thus: —

My dear Mrs. Axminster, — I have but just found your kind invitation at the Club, and hasten to reply, regretting the embarrassment which the delay may have caused you. With thanks for the kindness which prompted it, I must yet decline the invitation. In saying this, I feel that it is due to our long friendship, the memory of which is very dear to me, that I reject the artifice too frequently employed on such occasions, and tell you frankly that to be of your party this evening would necessitate my meeting conventionally a lady

— whom I need not name — with whom my present relations are such as would render the occasion extremely painful to me and possibly unpleasant to her. I trust I do not seem by this to imply any censure; I simply mean that I lack the fortitude to turn so soon from the grave of my slain hope and face the slayer — alas! still so dear to me — and the gay world in which she moves.

Very sincerely yours,

F. MANDEVILLE JONES.

Now when Mrs. Axminster read this note, she was ignorant of Mr. Jones's morning call on Miss Van Riper and the disaster thereof, and of the fact that Mr. Jones had been apprised of the invitation to that lady; and of course, reading his words in the dim light of what she knew and the full glare of what she believed about his state of feeling, she could hardly doubt that the lady to whom he referred, whom he would necessarily meet in coming to her house, and who had slain his hope, was — herself. The fact is, that Mr. Jones had for some years been on the best of terms with Mrs. Axminster. Before her husband's death her house had been to him one of those quasi homes in which bachelors rejoice; and even at that time he had felt it his privilege to respond sympathetically to that yearning for sentiment which possessed her, and to some extent influenced her manner and prompted the expression of her feelings; and during the

period of her seclusion as a widow he had been one of the few excepted from the ban, and had not felt it his duty to repress any natural sympathy or belittle the esteem in which he held her. Indeed, the temptation to a man of the world — as he then was — to give full measure of devotion to any charming woman who seems to like it, is clear and distinct; and Mr. Jones was not at that stage of his development superior to it; so it is not surprising that she should have regarded his homage as more especial and exclusive than it really was. This is one of the mistakes commonly made by women who know themselves, but believe men to be honest.

But there was no time for speculation, even if there were room for it.

It was already afternoon, and Mr. Jones must be saved from his error, and that right speedily; and with a palpitating heart and a blush that startled her into thoughts of long ago, she hastily penned these lines: —

MY DEAR MR. JONES, — It is all a mistake. There is no reason why you should not meet the lady in question as usual; and she will be very much disappointed if you do not come. IRENE.

This note, which was quickly despatched to Mr. Jones, transformed that melancholy person as if by magic; for of course he read between the lines that Miss Van Riper had already repented

of her hasty action and had made a confidante of her dear friend, Mrs. Axminster, who therefore fully understood his trouble and sought to relieve it. "Dear, good Mrs. Axminster," — thought he, — "what a kindly old soul she is; I'll adopt her as a mother."

The filial quality of his new affection was due to the fact that she was a few years his senior, — a fact which on the other hand had given to her feeling no maternal character, so much does the point of view control the deference paid to age.

At the appointed hour Mr. Jones appeared, radiant with joy and eager for the penitential word or glance which surely awaited him; but he was disappointed to find Miss Van Riper surrounded by other guests and apparently indifferent to his presence. He had no difficulty, however, in getting a moment apart with his beaming hostess; and pressing her hands with unmistakable fervor, he called her an angel, and vowed that he owed her the happiness of his life, and she called him a foolish boy to be so easily discouraged, and the next moment whispered to her dearest friend that she had at last consented to become Mrs. Jones, but wished nothing said about it at present; and within five minutes her dearest friend had enjoined the same secrecy upon the other ladies present, including the astounded Miss Van Riper; and before dinner

was announced, the gentlemen had severally been pledged to the same silence.

Now it was most natural from the hostess's point of view that Mr. Jones escorted her to the table and occupied the place of honor; and most extraordinary from his point of view that Miss Van Riper was placed at the other end of the table and next to Mr. Plush, concerning whom his candid opinion has been already recorded; and quite clear from their respective points of view that Mr. Jones was the most shameless villain of the age, — poor Mr. Jones, whose only aim it was to be perfectly honest and sincere! In fact, so profound was this conviction that when Mr. Plush inquired of Miss Van Riper whether in her opinion their hostess had secured full value for herself in the transaction referred to, she replied with some intensity that she regarded Mr. Jones as a minus nonentity, — an estimate which Mr. Plush facetiously characterized as excessively high.

The hour wore on right merrily, with laugh and jest and tinkling table-talk, and now and then a sly allusion, closely veiled, to a certain recent social event; and yet Mr. Jones was not supremely happy. He was watching Miss Van Riper, alert to catch the tender glance that should assure him of her yielding heart, and she seemed never to see him. True, it might have been her maiden modesty — the half-shame of

her conscious passion — that hid her tell-tale eyes from him; it might have been some proper feminine instinct that prompted her to hang upon the words of that inferior Mr. Plush as if he were an oracle; but still he wished it otherwise, and grew uneasy. It was not enough that his hostess, in all the effulgence of her joy, beamed full-orbed upon him; he never felt her beams, but gazed disconsolate upon the cold and distant star. At last, perplexed and desperate, he turned to Mrs. Axminster and said in a low and anxious tone, "It cannot be — you must have deceived yourself — I see no sign of feeling;" and she replied, "Hush, dear! be patient — I must play the hostess now." Strangely enough, there was something in her words, or perhaps in the fond glance that accompanied them, which disturbed him; and when, a moment later, she quietly directed his attention to the couple opposite, and remarked in a confidential undertone that she believed that Stella Van Riper was engaged, or as good as engaged, to Mr. Plush, he looked at her in amazement, which slowly settled into a sort of stupor in which his dizzy mind was vaguely conscious of some horrible mistake. He tried to think what it was; but the lady on his right insisted on telling him about some people of his name she had met last summer, and had to be satisfied upon the question of relationship. He endeavored to recall the exact words of his

note to Mrs. Axminster and her reply; and the gentleman just beyond that lady insisted that he favor the table with the story of his interview with the colored evangelist.

He strove to remember whether in either note the name of the lady in question had been mentioned, and had just reached a sickening conclusion in the negative and begun to shiver with apprehension of the possible truth, when the company arose and the ladies withdrew.

Then with the cigars came the opportunity for a moment's calm reflection; and closing his ears to the lively sallies of his companions, he swiftly reviewed the incidents of the day and reached the conclusion that by the unrestrained exercise of simple honesty he had forever estranged the woman he loved, and become ridiculously involved with the woman he had intended to adopt as a mother.

But was he really engaged? He now saw clearly enough that his foolishly frank note to Mrs. Axminster had been construed by that excellent person as a note of despair, evoked by the rumor of her engagement to another; and he could hardly doubt that her reply was intended as a gracious acceptance of his implied devotion; but such a correspondence — so indefinite, and founded upon a misunderstanding — could never be held to constitute a contract. The more he reflected upon it, the more comfortably certain

he felt that in spite of appearances he was really not engaged, until he happened to recall the general atmosphere of the meeting with his hostess, and how he had held her hands and called her an angel and told her how happy she had made him; and then he felt clammy and yearned for the fool-killer. Clearly, there was nothing left him but to linger this evening, and by another frank avowal, and a more explicit statement of his experience with Miss Van Riper, explain his conduct and set matters aright. It would be disagreeable. He was not a man of lively imagination, but he could easily anticipate that. Still, is must be done, and at once.

Having reached this conclusion, he felt somewhat relieved, and was about to resume his functions as a social being, when the Rev. Mr. Surplice, his old friend and pastor, drew him aside, and, claiming the privilege of his office and his long friendship for both parties, warmly congratulated him upon his engagement, — adding that he had already taken the same liberty with dear Mrs. Axminster and had been deeply touched by her frank expression of the happiness she felt in at last yielding to the impulse of her affections. Mr. Jones gasped; but even here his presence of mind did not utterly fail him.

He inquired of his reverend torturer when he had first heard of the affair and whether he thought the rumor had reached others; and was

informed that Mrs. Axminster had told Mrs. Surplice just before dinner, — in confidence, — that Mrs. Surplice had told him, and that he, from his general knowledge of that good lady's facility in imparting information of such matters, had no doubt that all the ladies in the party now possessed the secret; and several of the gentlemen had already indicated to him some knowledge of the situation; and indeed he, the speaker, saw no reason to conceal an event so worthy to be known and so certain to delight the many dear friends of both parties. Mr. Jones did not respond as an irrepressibly happy man would have done; and he felt distinctly less inclined to linger this evening and have that understanding with Mrs. Axminster.

What could he do? The gentlemen were now quitting the table to rejoin the ladies. He could hardly remain alone in the dining-room; and in the drawing-room, alas! what might befall? He thought of suicide, flight, insanity, and the various other avenues of escape from trouble, and had about concluded that the only happy issue out of all his tribulation would be to awake and find that he had mistaken a harmless prancing nightmare for a real hungry lion looking for Jones, when he found himself in the other room and face to face with Miss Van Riper. She flushed angrily and would have avoided him; but in an agony of despair he pressed forward and said to

her, "May I not speak with you? I did not know — a terrible mistake." He paused. Her mild blue eye, in which until this day he had never seen an unpropitious gleam, now pierced him cruelly, and slowly, steadily, distinctly, she replied, "Mr. Jones, the catalogue of your mistakes is becoming tiresome;" and before he could rally she had passed away on the arm of the objectionable Mr. Plush, who was smiling a horrid smile. From that moment his case grew steadily worse. The coldness of Miss Van Riper froze his marrow, and the frank partiality of his hostess quite unnerved him. He dared not go, and he feared to stay. The moment when he should be left alone with the charmed widow and driven to explanation, appeared to him more dreadful than the day of judgment, and seemed to approach more rapidly than to the doomed criminal comes the hour of execution; and when, one by one, the guests had taken leave and the fair object of his apprehension turned to him and sweetly said, "At last, Mandeville, we are alone," he thought, "How happy are the dead — wherever they are!" and then silently renewing his vow of utter frankness at all hazards, he spoke:

"Mrs. Axminster, I desire, or rather I am compelled, to be perfectly candid with you — "

Here we must draw the veil, not meaning thereby to imply that there was anything in the interview which might not properly be told,

but simply because Mr. Jones, who has kindly and frankly given us the true story of his experience up to this point, in the hope that it would be repeated as a warning to others, here drew the veil himself; and no amount of persuasion, nor even the threat of supplying the omission out of the writer's imagination, could induce him to furnish the details. He says that even as there are moments in a man's experience to which the world is not entitled, so there are centuries which a man has the right to forget if possible, — and that this was one of them. Of course his computation of time must be regarded as inaccurate; but the situation, so far as revealed, indicates that he may have had at least a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and that there might be sufficient reason why even so candid a man might desire to withhold the particulars from a cold and merely curious world; and so we must be content to take up the narrative where he did, a little later in the evening, when, haggard and wan-eyed, he paused a moment on the pavement just outside the door and assured himself in a feeble voice that he had only tried to be honest, and then mechanically took his way toward the Club. At the same moment Mrs. Axminster, tearfully furious, was engaged in writing notes to her confidantes of the evening, informing them that for reasons quite sufficient, based as they were upon conduct unbecoming a gentleman, she

had forever terminated the particular relations of which they had been advised, and hoped that no reference would be made to them, — which of course secured a wide publicity for her unfortunate affair with the recreant Jones, and a general denunciation of that unhappy monster.

Arrived at the Club, he took his seat in the café, and told a waiter to bring him a pony of brandy. Having tossed this off, he ordered a four-in-hand of the same. He was now looking wild, and a sort of hilarity, forced and unnatural, began to manifest itself.

About half a bottle later, the gentleman who had asked him to sign the application of Mr. Plush came in, and at sight of Mr. Jones walked up to him with some emphasis and said that he had been thinking over Mr. Jones's action in that matter, and had resolved to demand an explanation of the aspersions cast upon his friend, adding that Mr. Plush also would avail himself of the first convenient opportunity to exact specifications of the serious charge which had been made against him. By this time the guiding star of his new life glimmered but faintly through a vinous mist; and rising with difficulty, he grasped the hand of the astonished speaker, and in thick but fervent tones declared that — Plush was all right — a perfect gentleman — and that he longed to encounter the man who doubted it — and insisted on ringing for something to Plush's health; but very soon

his mollified companion detected in poor Jones's tangled cerebration signs which alarmed him, and calling for a carriage took him home and summoned his physician. The brain fever which followed quite puzzled the doctor, who was loath to believe that a dinner-party, and a glass or two after it, could have produced such dire results; but Jones, on regaining his senses, evinced no surprise. He quietly resumed his place as a lawyer and citizen, and after a time reappeared in society, where he was kindly received; for it was generally conceded, after the unscientific manner of the parlor world, that the brain fever must have been coming on for a day or two before it was recognized, and fully accounted for the exceptions to his usually conventional behavior. Indeed, Miss Van Riper herself was led to take this view of it; and when, some months later, he recurred to the subject still near to his heart, in terms which are usually considered passionate and wildly extravagant, and in which the protestations of his unique and eternal love vied with rhapsodies over her peerless beauty, she was convinced that his reason was fully restored, and said that she did n't see how they could be married before autumn.

And so Mr. Jones survived his experiment of a day; and whether much the worse for it can hardly be known, though it is said that he shows at times a disposition to be cynical which

rather surprises his friends. For instance, he sometimes says that honesty may be the best policy in a very primitive community of men only, or in heaven; but that in the best circles of intermediate society the man who gives way to his sincerity, as a regular habit, is marked for destruction.